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CHICKEN

Yes, that's what Ginny was, but she wasn't timid—not at all! She'd brave anything or anyone to save the chicks

By HILDRED TOPE

GINNY JENKINS paced nervously about her father's chick hatchery. Only an hour until Bud, her brother, would leave by bus for Camp Hayes. Ginny was sorry the family had decided against going to the bus with him. This was going to be worse, bidding Bud good-bye at the hatchery.

She heard the kitchen door close, and a lump filled her throat. Bud had told Mother good-bye. Now he was coming across the lawn and through the back door of the hatchery. Dad Jenkins heard, too. Ginny's heart skipped a beat when she saw how his body sagged as he slouched at his desk. The doctor had told him to take things easy. He mopped perspiration and straightened his bulky body as Bud entered. Ginny was panicky until she heard Dad say cheerfully, "Don't worry about the hatchery, Bud. We'll do our best to keep it going until you get back. We'll be good soldiers. You do the same—and good luck."

And Bud was saying, "I'll not worry, Dad. Ginny knows as much about the business as any of us, been raised in the hatchery from a peep," he joked, then added as he ruffled her red hair, "Remember that the customer is always right, Ginny."

When he was gone, Ginny bolted to the incubating room to cry, but tears did not come. She couldn't even move as loneliness and the realization of her responsibility settled upon her. She was afraid! The incubators had never looked so big. A total capacity of seventy-five thousand eggs! She figured an average hatch with chicks priced at nineteen cents each. The figures were staggering. And suppose the power went off and the incubators cooled!

Thoughts of the enormous loss stirred Ginny to action. She filled the feeders of the battery brooders with mash, even chattered to the noisy chicks.

As the days passed, Ginny found her patience frayed by local customers who came to the hatchery to buy a half-dozen chicks. "Just a half-dozen of your nicest, biggest chicks," they would insist.

"To finish out the brood for an old hen whose eggs didn't hatch," Ginny grumbled to her father. "Why do you sell in such small quantities?"

"Can't afford to get the ill will of these people," Mr. Jenkins answered. "Can't tell what minute one of these customers will sell the biddy hen and start the chicken business on a large scale to be our best patron."

So Ginny tried to serve with a smile. She was filling a big order when she forgot. It was the week of her first hatch and the close of a busy day when Hank Hinkley came in, grumbling about prices as usual.

"Nineteen cents each! What's the idea? Tryin' to rob your neighbors?" Hank blurted as Ginny tied twine around the cartons which held the five hundred chicks he was buying. "No sense in such a price. I can get all the chicks I want at Sunnydale or Greenbriar for fifteen cents."

"Then that's the place to buy them," Ginny snapped.

She was sorry immediately, but it was too late. Hank Hinkley jammed his wallet back into his pocket and stalked out.

Dad Jenkins didn't scold, just said, "Leave the chicks out here on the counter for a while. We may have a chance to sell them to someone who didn't place an order."

HEARTED

Ginny was so jubilant over the sale that even the name didn't mean anything at all to her.

But at closing time the chicks were still there and Ginny took them back to the battery brooders. Worse than this, Joe McKay called by telephone and canceled his order for five hundred chicks. Without even a word of explanation! But Dad Jenkins explained.

"Joe McKay is Hank Hinkley's brother-in-law," was all he said.

Far into the night Ginny lay awake, her cheeks burning. Suppose there were more cancellations! Why was Hank Hinkley so mean? He knew the price of the chicks when he placed his order in the early spring. Always grumbling about prices! But enumerating Hank's faults would not solve her problem, Ginny knew. She still had the chicks. Maybe someone would come to buy them in the morning.

And someone did. Ginny wasn't sure who the bulky, slovenly woman was, but she decided not to ask. Some folks resented not being recognized, especially if they had bought chicks there before. And Ginny meant to be tactful. The customer came very close to the counter to say in confidential tones, "I heard you took your brother's place. Runnin' the hatchery all by yourself?"

Ginny nodded. "Dad is unloading a car of feed today. May I help you?" And the next moment she had sold the woman five hundred chicks. Not until the chicks were packed did the woman mention credit.

"We have an agreement whereby we wait for our money until the cockerels are sold, ten weeks," Ginny explained.

"Well, thanks," the woman beamed, and signed her name on the printed agreement.

Ginny was so jubilant over selling the chicks that even the name didn't mean a thing to her. She helped Mrs. Watson take the chicks outside where an old horse and rickety wagon waited.

"Don't you think the chicks will get chilled in an open wagon?" Ginny exclaimed.

"We can cover them with this old blanket," Mrs. Watson said and tossed it over the cartons. Ginny tucked it around more carefully. "You must lift the blanket occasionally on the way home, Mrs. Watson, or the chicks will smother," she warned. "Don't forget."

"Sade Watson!" Dad Jenkins exploded when he got home and saw the agreement slip.

Ginny snatched the paper. "Oh—she has her name written Sarah. I didn't recognize the name!" she gasped. "Isn't she the woman who never pays any bills? The one who owes Bud ten dollars?"

Dad Jenkins didn't answer her question, just said, "I'll stay

in the customer room the rest of the day."

And Ginny knew she had lost her place, that from this moment she would do nothing but sweep, candle eggs, and fill trays. She wouldn't mind this so much, if she could only straighten this mess and keep the business Bud had worked so hard over.

"I'll go out and demand the chicks from Sade Watson," she declared.

"I don't want the chicks," Dad Jenkins barked. "They're probably in a dirty brooderhouse by this time, eating germs by the peck. I don't want them back."

Dad was right, Ginny knew, but she had to do something. So that afternoon, after the large incubator had been cleaned for another setting of eggs, she rode her bike toward Sade Watson's shack. Of course, she could not bring the chicks back to the hatchery but maybe she could help start the chicks properly so Mrs. Watson could raise a high percentage. It was her only chance to get pay for the chicks, Ginny knew.

And soon she knew something else—that it was a poor chance. For the boards of Sade Watson's brooderhouse were as airy as Venetian blinds.

"Oh, it ain't goin' to be very cold tonight, and I'll fire up," Sade assured quickly, guessing that Ginny had come for the chicks. "I'll raise 'em. You don't need to worry, miss." Turning to the tallest of her children, she snapped, "Saw some wood for the brooderhouse stove, Mike. Right away, do you hear?"

Ginny was panicky. "Even if it isn't cold tonight, there will be air-currents in this brooderhouse. And if the chicks get chilled, half of them may be dead in a week," she said, and took the situation in hand. Turning to the six children who stood around, Ginny ordered, "Let's have tacks, a hammer, and some cardboard."

The children raced for the material. In their eagerness to help they shoved and chattered noisily, frightening the chicks, but soon they were following Ginny's instructions closely. Even four-year-old Tommy helped by giving Ginny tacks, one at a time. In an hour the rickety brooderhouse was lined with paper and cardboard four feet up from the floor.

"Not a very good job of insulating, but it may last a few days if we don't have a bad storm," Ginny told Mike as he piled wood at the brooderhouse door. "And, Mike," she begged, "promise me that you will get up once in the night to put fresh wood on the fire." And Mike promised.

Arriving late at the hatchery, Ginny found her father busy and impatient.

"But it was the only thing I could do," she said. "Sade Watson will neglect and lose the chicks unless I help her. It's my only chance to get the money for them."

Dad Jenkins only grunted. "She'll think of an excuse to keep from paying. Probably market them when nobody is looking and tell you somebody stole them, so she won't be expected to pay."

"I know she is shiftless," Ginny admitted, "but I don't believe she means to be dishonest. She has seven children to feed and doesn't know how to manage. I'm not counting much on her, but I think I can depend on the oldest boy, Mike."

Ginny wasn't sure, though. Suppose Mike forgot to put wood on the fire during the night! Or suppose they got the chicks raised and Sade Watson pulled one of her swindling tricks!

That night Ginny woke several times, wondering if Mike had remembered to put wood on the brooderhouse fire. Next morning he greeted her with, "Twice! Twice I got up!" And the chirping, happy chicks reaffirmed it.

"Marvelous, how the children responded to the instruction.

(*Cont'd on page* 57)

"Half of them may be dead in a week! Let's have tacks, a hammer, and some cardboard."

Girls in the NEWS

1—Swimming teacher. New York City's Audrey Mullin, 10, teaches Nancy Deale the proper "get set" position for a racing dive. When Audrey is old enough to enter competition, she'll probably find her own students swimming against her. *Wide World Photo*

2—She turned Hollywood down! Tanaquil LeClercq is so intent on her career as a ballerina that she refused a film contract a few years ago. Now fourteen, Tanaquil has been studying ballet since she was seven. She follows a rigid schedule at the American Ballet School in New York City. *World-Telegram—Ravenna Photo*

3—A new issue of BONDs. Luette Goodbody, 16, and her classmates in Maumee, Ohio, have founded and run an organization called BONDs, which means Buy Only Necessities for the Duration. Its purpose is to fight inflation. *Photo by courtesy of Harper's Bazaar*

4—Aid to nurses and patients. Senior Girl Scouts of New Brunswick, N. J., have been working as hospital aides at Middlesex Hospital. The hospital says they are more than a help.

5—Paper for Allies. School children of New York's Chinatown turn in their newspapers to Irene Wicker, radio's "Singing Lady" who is a member of the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office.

Mystery in

THE STORY UP TO NOW

On Cadet Nurse Gail Gardner's first day in the wards at City Hospital many strange things happened: Her friend Eva Fairfax failed to appear and was found shut in the linen closet; a wastebasket mysteriously caught fire but Gail doused it; a patient, Miss Holly, was worried about her jewels which she said she kept in the bureau drawer. Gail promised to watch them but when she looked in the drawer she found it empty! Miss Holly blamed a sailor who had been visiting his mother, another patient, of stealing them. Dr. Britt, the interne, told Gail that Miss Holly imagined the jewels but said she should be humored. Then he suggested that Gail study the contents of the wastebasket to see if she could find what started the fire. Now go on with Chapter III.

"What's all that stuff?" drawled Susan. "It looks as if there'd been a fire."

Gail Gardner discovers that being a student nurse at City Hospital also means being a psychologist—and a detective!

By MARGARET SUTTON
Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"

"WHAT have you there?" asked Susan Dole, Gail's roommate, as Gail and Eva returned from Ward 13 late that afternoon with the wastebasket between them.

"What does it look like?"

"A wastebasket," drawled Susan, leaning against the open door to their room and eying the contents. "What's all that stuff, burned paper? It looks as if there'd been a fire."

"There was." Gail hesitated, glancing at Eva.

"In fact," the smaller girl added, "there was almost an explosion. Our invisible man has been on the prowl again, shutting people in closets and trying to blow up the hospital. We wouldn't be here to tell it if Gail hadn't turned off the oxygen and dashed a pail of water into the fire. She's really a heroine," Eva finished gratefully, "but nobody seems to appreciate the fact except Dr. Britt."

"Dr. Britt? You mean that handsome red-headed interne? Whom else would you want to appreciate it, the superintendent herself? But tell me how it happened and why the wastebasket full of ashes."

"Full of clues, you mean. At least," Gail explained, "Dr. Britt

Ward 13

says we may find some interesting clues if we look through these ashes. The fire was in the wastebasket. I think he was kidding, but Miss Robinson says you can never be sure."

And Gail went on telling about it while her roommate and several other preclinical students, who were just returning to their rooms in Echo Hall, gathered around to listen. Bonnie Albright, black-haired, blue-eyed class president, came in with her roommate, Midge Anderson.

"Everything happens to Gail," Midge said a little enviously when the story was finished. "Bonnie and I were on Men's Surgical and the most exciting thing we did was make an ether bed. We left before the patient came down from the operating room and that sort of spoiled it. Heroism is mostly luck anyway. How did the fire start?"

"That," declared Gail, emptying the contents of the basket on a piece of newspaper she had spread in the middle of the floor, "is what we mean to find out. And if it's luck to be suspected of everything from petty thievery to setting the hospital on fire, you're welcome to it. I don't know what the head nurse thought, but I can imagine. Look, girls! A cigarette!"

There was a long gasp and then a dead silence as everyone stared at the water-soaked cigarette butt.

"Someone," Bonnie said at last in a horrified voice, "was breaking the rules."

"Obviously," agreed Susan. "Too bad Miss Robinson doesn't know you better, Gail. I've lived with you for more than a month and this is the first time I ever saw a cigarette in your hand. You couldn't ask for a better clue. Whoever was smoking it should have known that it's against the rules of every hospital in the country for nurses or orderlies to smoke on duty."

"Or doctors," Midge put in. "Maybe Dr. Britt . . ."

Gail stopped her.

"Hardly, when he was the one to suggest that we look through this basket for clues. I can't imagine who could have been careless enough to light a cigarette near a tank of oxygen unless it was some visitor who didn't know . . ."

"That sailor!" Eva interrupted. "I'm sure of it, Gail! He was sitting right there in the ward waiting for his mother to come down from X-ray."

"But that was after the fire was out. There wasn't a soul there when it started."

"Except the patients. Couldn't it have been one of them?"

"Oh, dear!" Gail said. "I hope we're not going to start suspecting the patients. Most of those in Women's Medical are helpless old ladies who wouldn't hurt a fly. What do you make of it, Bonnie? You must have an idea. You're the class detective."

"I *was* the class detective, you mean. That was when we first heard about the superintendent's things being stolen. Remember? And we all decided it must be an invisible man because we kept hearing footsteps."

"Our own, no doubt. We were awfully noisy before we got our duty shoes and learned to walk quietly the way nurses are supposed to. What was taken, exactly?" asked Gail. "I don't believe you ever told me."

"Didn't I?" Bonnie laughed. "Well, if I didn't, it was because I was secretly hoping I'd find some of the stolen things in your room. There were a few pictures something like those you have on the wall and a lot of personal stuff—you know. Locks of people's hair, old jewelry . . ."

"Jewelry!"

"Yes, rings and bracelets and stuff. I guess some of it was quite valuable. It was in an old cash box and the thief took it, box and all. I heard the superintendent talking about it just before she left on her vacation and I decided to solve the mystery before she came home."

"Well, she isn't home yet."

This was Midge. She had the utmost confidence in her roommate's ability to untangle the knottiest problems. Gail and Eva were looking at each other and suddenly both of them spoke at once.

"Miss Holly's jewels!"

Immediately all the others wanted to hear about them. Miss Holly seemed even more mysterious than the fire in the wastebasket when they were told how all the strange hap-

"Look, girls!" Gail called out excitedly. "A clue!"

penings centered around her.

"But her jewels were imaginary," Gail insisted. "Dr. Britt said so. And when I looked in the drawer where she said she kept them, there wasn't a thing there except a white mask and a box of tissue. Now I'm supposed to take care of them."

"Of what? The mask and the tissue?"

"No, the jewels. I know it sounds fantastic," Gail admitted. "An invisible man was bad enough, but now I'm custodian of an old lady's invisible jewels."

"The superintendent's jewels were real enough," Bonnie reminded her.

"By the way, just how helpless is Miss Holly?" Midge asked.

"I've been wondering that myself," Gail confessed. "The head nurse says she's a cardiac. That means she has a weak heart and has to be kept quiet. She's awfully thin and tiny, but when she tried to get out of bed it was all we could do to hold her. Her ankles swell, I'm told, if she's allowed to stand on her feet."

"A clue!" exclaimed Bonnie. "Look for swollen ankles."

"Are we nurses or detectives?" asked Susan.

"Both, I hope," replied Gail. "Remember what we learned in psychology? A good nurse must be interested in every human problem."

"The question is," Eva put in, "would a fiend who tried to set fire to a hospital be considered human?"

"He'd have horns, no doubt. I have it!" cried Bonnie seizing upon a small silver object she had found in the ashes. "This is the spear off the end of his tail."

"Let us see it," the others begged.

But Bonnie refused. As class president, she explained, she was entitled to one clue all her own.

"This will practically convict him, or her as the case may be. Girls," she added gravely, "a deliberate attempt has been made to set fire to the hospital."

"Has it? This is really exciting! Let's look for more clues." And Midge began poking at the pieces of burned paper. "Here's one with someone's handwriting on it. *Her . . . hospital blaze . . .*" she finally made out. "Doesn't this prove it was a woman and a crazy one at that?"

"Indeed it does," agreed Bonnie. "Not that I suspect Miss Holly is faking or anything, but I'd just like to know what she's wearing under her hospital gown."

"What do you mean?" asked Gail. "What could she be wearing?"

"I'm asking you," Bonnie replied sweetly. "She's your patient and you're the one who's supposed to find the clues. It's just a suggestion, but I think you're lots more likely to find them in Miss Holly's jewel box than you are in that pile of ashes."

"But, Bonnie," Gail protested, "Miss Holly hasn't any jewel box."

Bonnie smiled that secret, superior smile that always made Gail feel about the size of a peanut.

"Well, maybe not, but I'd just like to have a look at that box you thought was filled with tissue."

"I could have been wrong, couldn't I?" Gail admitted. "It's funny, but Miss Holly did know exactly how to turn off that oxygen."

"Gail!" exclaimed Eva, her eyes wide. "Could she have sneaked out of bed and turned it on?"

"I certainly hope not," replied Gail. "I thought she was such a sweet old lady, but it's a possibility."

"It really isn't safe to have her in the ward," Bonnie declared emphatically. "Hospital fires are serious business, especially in the old buildings. The Medical Building used to be a private clinic and it still has the same wooden benches. I'm not sure, but I think it's even older than Echo Hall. Goodness only knows what might happen if anything exploded in the laboratories and then, too, there are all those X-ray films on the fifth floor. I wouldn't wait if I were you, Gail. I'd tell Dr. Britt at once. You can call him from the telephone in the hall."

"But it's against the rules for probies to call doctors," Gail protested. "You wouldn't want to get me in trouble, would you, Bonnie?"

"Oh, no!" mocked Susan. "Bonnie never wants to get anyone in trouble. She's not the type."

"Well, if I have made things harder for people," Bonnie retorted, "I was only doing it for the good of the hospital. But if that's the way Gail feels

(Continued on page 30)

Fearfully, Gail pulled back the sheet. Instead of a patient, she found a rolled-up blanket.

Being a true Brooklynite, Marion keeps a complete scrapbook on the Dodgers and treasures her baseball autographed by the team.

Young OLD-TIMER

Although she's only fourteen, Marion Loveridge is a veteran of nine years' success on radio

By BLAKE GILPIN BOWMAN
Associate Editor

THERE'S a difference of opinion among most people about whether opportunity really comes knocking at your door or you have to go out and find it. But Marion Loveridge has no doubts. She is a staunch supporter of the first school of thought. Opportunity not only literally knocked at her door, but it came right in and dragged her out.

This first of a series of amazing events that have happened to Marion Loveridge occurred nine years ago, when she was five years old. At that point Marion was being just another five-year-old until the fateful afternoon when a stranger knocked on the door and explained that he was looking for youngsters to try out for a radio program over WFOX, a Brooklyn, New York, station.

Marion loved to sing, but neither she nor her family had ever taken her singing very seriously. But she did try out for the program and a career was born.

We asked Marion to tell us about her first experience before a microphone, if she suffered from mike fright.

Marion chuckled. "No, I didn't have any mike fright because I was too young to know what it was all about. But," she went on, "the mike was so big and I was so little, that I couldn't get anywhere near it. So the announcer held me in his arms while I sang my first song."

Marion's first song was "You've Got Me in the Palm of Your Hand"!

Marion clicked from the beginning, mostly because of her powerful contralto voice which was not only most pleasing but startling from one so small. Her singing with WFOX started her on the way of being wanted on radio and in shows and wanting to make singing her career. Marion says that getting singing jobs is easy. You just audition and they're yours—but that's Marion's own special brand of magic. One example of how easily success comes to Marion is an incident that happened five years ago.

She was walking along a street just off New York City's

Broadway. There is in New York a sort of fairy godfather for little girls and boys. His name is Uncle Dibby and he was giving a street party, a habit of his, for the girls and boys who live in the neighborhood. The party was being held on the steps of a church and ice cream and cake were being freely distributed. Marion stopped to watch the fun and Uncle Dibby spotted her on the sidelines. He invited her to have an ice-cream cone, if she would sing a song or something. So Marion sang, and New York traffic stopped to listen. Passing motorists stalled their cars to admire the powerful contralto voice coming from the little nine-year-old. Someone called the police to break up the traffic jam, but the policemen only joined the admiring audience.

Marion says she sang "Shoeshine Boy" and a little shoeshine boy in the party listened so intently he forgot his cone and the ice cream toppled to the sidewalk. Marion considers this one of the most touching of the many tributes she's had during her years of singing before radio microphones, movie cameras, and the general public.

About this same time, Marion began to make movie shorts for Warner Brothers at their Brooklyn studio. Most of the shorts were musical and Marion found it as easy to sing before the camera as before a mike. She also made some accident-prevention shorts and Marion says she had always been the girl who did things the wrong way—which doesn't seem very true to life to us. Marion made seven short movies before Warners gave up their eastern studio.

Marion has always found radio work at every hand to fill all her spare time. She sang on Hearns Department Store's Kiddie Show and on the Horn & Hardart Children's Hour on the radio. Last year Marion became a featured singer on Olivio Santoro's Sunday morning program. But even the war turned out to be an opportunity for Marion. Olivio Santoro went into the Navy and Marion inherited the program as her own alone.

Marion is known on her program as the "Little Betsy Ross Girl," because she features patriotic songs. Each week, Marion usually invites one or more guests to appear on the program. One of her regular guest stars is the six-year-old singer, Bobby Hookey. Bobby also has his own radio program on Saturday morning and Marion reciprocates by appearing with him each week as his guest star. The Daniels Family, the singing brother and his two sisters, also appear regularly with Marion to sing at least one song. But Marion herself carries the show as the star.

As star of her own Sunday morning program, Marion features patriotic songs. She is called the "Little Betsy Ross Girl."

Recently Marion made her first television broadcast from a New York City station. Although it would seem to us that television would be a combination of her radio and movie experience, Marion says it is very different and very exciting. If Marion runs true to form, we suspect she will manage to be right in on the ground floor of television, ready to boom along with that new medium when it gets its postwar chance.

But it isn't all radio and movies for Marion. There's school, too. Marion is in her second year of Bay Ridge High in Brooklyn. She's majoring in music, of course, and spends much time in choral work.

Her after-school hours — well, she admits that she has lots of friends and they take a good deal of her time. Then on Tuesdays and Saturdays she has to rehearse for her Sunday radio show. On Tuesdays the next Sunday's show is rehearsed; on Saturday there is a dress rehearsal. We asked Marion if practicing took much time. But Marion turns out to be the one-in-a-million. She doesn't practice!

"Of course, I sing all the time, but usually I sing everything except what's going to be on the program," she said. And then she added with a rather sheepish grin, "You see, we have no piano and I can't very well practice."

That's one way around the old, familiar problem!

But one part of her profession does make a big demand on her time—that is, fan mail. Marion says hers comes from all over and from all sorts of people. She answers it herself!

Because she knows what it is to be a fan, and because she's a true Brooklynite, Marion keeps a complete scrapbook on the Dodgers. Her biggest hobby is collecting pictures of the team and her proudest possession is a baseball autographed by most of the players.

SHE LEADS A MODEL LIFE!

LOIS BREWSTER

Famous Powers Model

Pretty as they come—that's slim, blonde Lois Brewster. From Buffalo, New York. Lois has blue eyes, weighs 108 pounds, stands 5 feet, 7½ inches. Is interested in dramatics and acrobatics, and in Wheaties, come breakfast-time.

SAYS Lois, "A model's beauty is based on good health—on plenty of sleep, proper exercise and diet. I like all fruits, salads, spinach, etc.—and at breakfast, I get nourishing whole wheat in a big bowlful of Wheaties."

Lois leads a model life! Enough shut-eye, exercise, and a proper diet, including Wheaties. No skipping breakfast for her. Try Wheaties yourself! These whole wheat flakes taste powerful good. Second-helping good. Light and crackly, too. Start having Wheaties tomorrow, with milk and fruit.

SPECIAL! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of 3, including Lois Brewster. Each picture 5x7 in., nice for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 629, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

Include Wheaties in YOUR model life!

YOU CAN MAKE AN EXCITING NEW FROCK FROM YOUR OLD **PRINCESS DRESS**

this home sewing is easy!

A snip of the shears, a few stitches and your old dress takes on new life, new color, new fashion-rightness. And there's nothing complicated or difficult about this dressmaking. Anyone can do it—and in an hour's time! The directions below show you just exactly—snip for stitch—how easy this transformation is to do. And the pictures show you how wonderful your finished job will look.

Last year this was a smart Princess dress—but somehow it looks all wrong now. Sleeves too long—and the peasant-type trimming looks dull. Presto—it becomes a new dress—and with very, very little effort on your part.

1. Buy a yard of bright contrastingly colored material. Cut out new center front panel, following the old one for pattern—only make the new one wider at the top.

2. Baste and then stitch the new panel firmly right on over the old panel. Now add a row of great big buttons down the center front, placing them about 3 inches apart.

3. Cut the sleeves off to new short length—about 4 inches above the elbow—hem. Run a one-inch strip of the contrasting material down center of sleeve.

Now a new cover for last year's purse! Place pocketbook on a doubled piece of the new material. Cut cover, sew sides together. Use matching buttons for closing.

Buttons give this dress distinction—give any dress or suit new, sparkling individuality. Use them for all your home-sewing and home-remodeling. But make sure first that the buttons you choose are fashion-right, lovely and entirely dependable. Insist on buttons by La Mode. For over 66 years they've been recognized as leaders in design, in quality and in beauty. Look for buttons by La Mode at good stores everywhere.

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MOVIES *of the Month*

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

1—All the thousands of wishes to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" again must have found their way to the magic Wishing Well, for it's coming back! (RKO)

2—Nelson Eddy returns, too, in "Knickerbocker Holiday," a rollicking tale of little old New York with a dash of Hudson Valley moonshine and superb singing. (U.A.)

3—In "Going My Way," Bing Crosby plays a curate who helps an older priest get his church out of debt. A tale full of mellow charm, splendidly acted. (Para.)

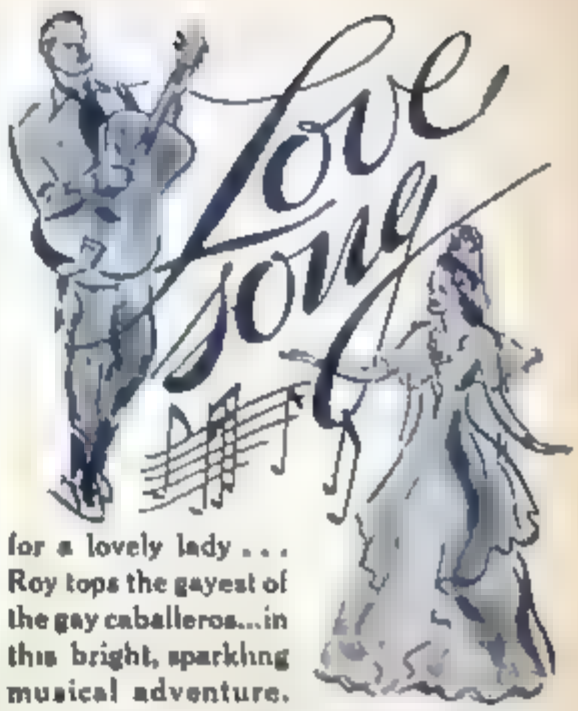
4—Donna Reed and Robert Walker fall in love when the Army goes date seeking—but it's for keeps in "See Here, Private Hargrove." Laughs abound. (MGM)

5—Mark Twain (Fredric March) rescues General Grant from poverty, but bankrupts himself by publishing the latter's memoirs in "The Adventures of Mark Twain." (W.B.)

6—Joel McCrea is "Buffalo Bill," scout, Indian fighter, and showman in this stunning Technicolor action drama (20th C-Fox)

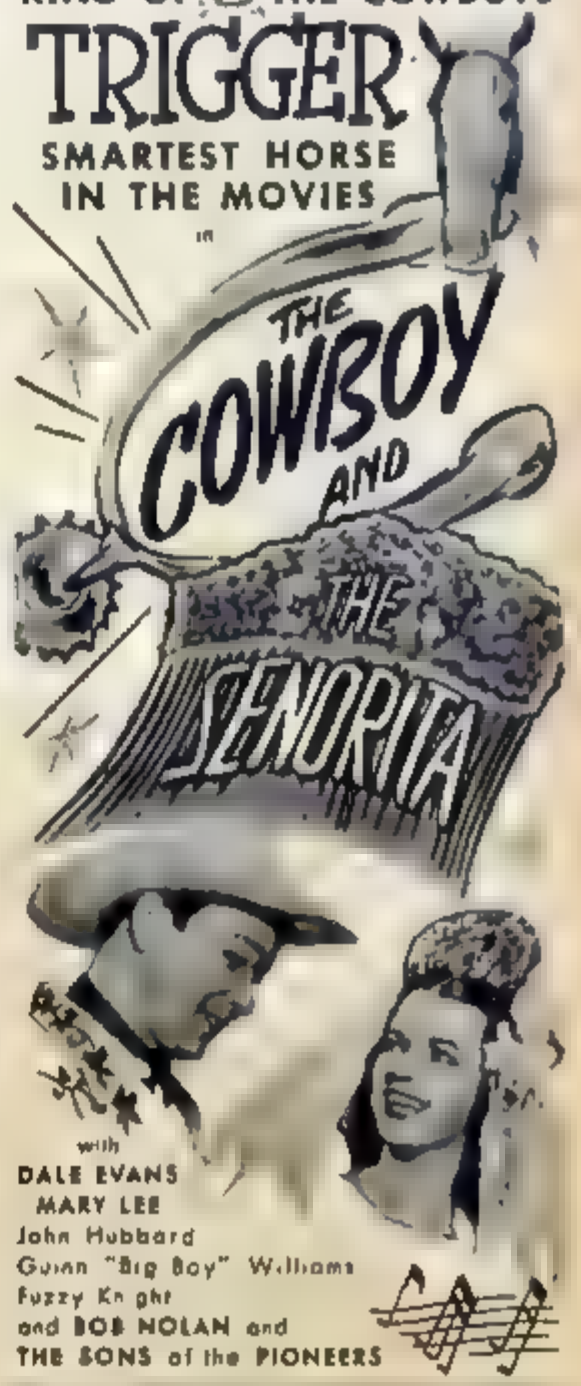
7—That slightly balmy blond fellow is Danny Kaye, the new comedian you'll want to keep your eye on. "Up in Arms" is gay, colorful, and croonful, with Dinah Shore and Constance Dowling. (RKO)

8—"The Song of the Open Road" is a musical about Youth Hostels and victory farm workers with Bonita Granville, Peggy O'Neill, and other teen-teens. (U.A.)



for a lovely lady . . . Roy tops the gayest of the gay caballeros...in this bright, sparkling musical adventure.

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER
SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in



with
DALE EVANS
MARY LEE
John Hubbard
Guinn "Big Boy" Williams
Fuzzy Knight
and BOB NOLAN and
THE SONS of the PIONEERS

SONGS! "The Cowboy and the Senorita" "What'll I Do For Money" · "Cattlemen Band" · "Sweetness Whole" · "Around Her Neck She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" · "Sentimental Begin Gay"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS

by JANE EATON

Isn't it exciting to come home from school and find a letter addressed to you? Is it an invitation? Is it from that smooth boy who moved away last week? Is it from the soldier to whom you've been writing and sending packages? Whatever it turns out to be, will you know the correct way to answer it? Check up on your own knowledge of what's right in writing by taking this quiz

Q Is it all right to use my tinted stationery for all my letters? It's such a dreamy color!

A A lovely letter paper makes you want to write—doesn't it? You may use tinted paper for all correspondence, except answers to formal invitations. These require a reply on white or ivory paper.

Q No matter how I try, my letters seem so fuddy-duddy! How can I make them gay and amusing?

A You're probably trying *too hard*. Make a point of writing just as you would talk. Remember, a letter needn't be an English composition . . . it's a conversation by mail. So make it sound like *you*.

Q A girl I don't know very well has just been married and sent me an announcement. Does this mean I have to send her a gift?

A Not necessarily. Let your heart decide. But you *should* write a letter of good wishes on your very nicest note paper. (Eaton's PETERSBURG 1850 would be nice for you.)

Q I'm writing longer letters than ever these days, so I use more sheets than envelopes. I don't like to waste leftover envelopes . . . what do you suggest?

A That's easy. Use one of Eaton's Open Stock letter papers. You'll find many lovely styles, and you can always match up sheets or envelopes if you run out of one before the other.

★ *EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS can be bought in sets of sheets and envelopes, or you can fill in either. No need, ever, to waste "orphan" sheets or envelopes. Ask to see PETERSBURG 1850, HIGHLAND LINEN, FOREIGN MAIL and others at stationery counters.*

★ For an interesting 36-page book, *"It's Fun to Write Letters,"* write to *JANE EATON, Eaton Paper Corp., Pittsfield 10, Mass. The price is 10¢ . . . but every dime goes into War Bonds.*

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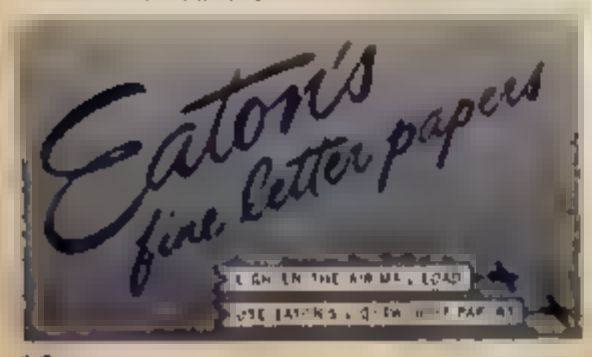

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Our mail is delivered when I'm at school and when I get home Mother has opened my letters. Not that I have anything to kick about but it's just the principle of the thing. I can understand my mother being interested and I am willing that she read them after I do but when she purposely opens my mail without my permission, well I think it's very sneaky and it also shows that she doesn't trust me. How can I stop her without offending her?—Mary C., aged 16, Iowa.

If someone else opens your letters first, it takes the joy out of receiving mail.

MARY shows good sense when she says she can understand her mother's interest and expresses a willingness to share some of her experiences and impressions. But she asks for a chance to do this sort of thing in her own time and her own way. In a home there are possessions which belong to the whole family and other things exclusively the property of one member or another. Mail is one of those private things. If girls want their privacy respected they must, of course, accept the fact that this is a two-way obligation. Do they thoughtlessly "borrow" their mother's stockings or jewelry without permission, or their brother's books?

We agree with Mary that her mail shouldn't be opened, but she should certainly gain her mother's confidence. She might ask herself whether she is doing all that she can to prove herself responsible and trustworthy and able to make more and more good choices and wise decisions. Does her mother know that she may be counted on to exercise discretion about her friends and her activities outside the home? Can she be relied upon to be truthful and dependable? If so, she will have shown that she can be trusted and she can ask her mother to have greater faith in her.

We have six girls in our crowd. One of them is an only child and is spoiled. Sometimes she is so unbearable we can't put up with her. She is not quite as bad as she used to be but she can have everything and brags something terrible. We are all looking forward to your answer to our problem.—Ann W., aged 13, Mississippi.

(*Continued on page 56*)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SOLID SENDERS *with the Coke Crowd!*

You smoothies will be simply mad for this "Woo-some Twosome", styled of tropical-cool Playrite Prints in yummy colors, perfect for now-into-summer. "Friller Diller", left: Swirl-tailed squirrels scamper on a slim-making frock, bound in solid color and frilled with dainty eyelet. In Sea Green, Coral Sea, Ocean Blue. "Dozy-totes", right: Saucy button-down borderprint, scattered with posies and finished with a pert bow. In Aqua, Coral Sea, Gray. Sizes, Juniorette, 10-16, about $9.00.

At your favorite store, or write

RAINBOW *C. D. Company*

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HAVE YOU *Cantitis?*

If you have, you'd better cure it early or you'll spend your life on the sidelines watching other people have all the fun

By SYLVIA JACOBS

NOBODY ever went to a hospital for a case of cantitis, but it's a pretty painful disease, just the same. It makes your knees weak, ties up your tongue, and hurts you in a very important part of your anatomy—your self-confidence.

The worst part about cantitis is that you don't get over it the way you do a cold. If you just give in to a cold, go to bed and relax, you'll be okay in time. But if you ever give in to cantitis—oh, dear. The more you give in to it, the worse it gets, until finally you're a chronic case, and your whole life consists of an endless series of things you *can't* do!

The sufferer from cantitis may be recognized by her habit of sitting on the sidelines, watching other people doing things, and saying, "Oh, I *wish* I could do that—but I can't!"

One of the most familiar examples of what cantitis does to you is the experience all of us go through when we learn to ride a bicycle. Here's how it happened with me—wasn't it like this with you, too?

Of course, I wanted to learn, but when I came smack up against that bicycle, I was just positive that I couldn't balance on two wheels.

"I can't!" I cried in dismay.

"Just sit in the saddle. I'll hold you up," somebody said. Then he gave me a push—the drip. I was so certain I couldn't stay up that, of course, I took a nose dive. That kept up for some time, and then, quite by accident, something else caught my attention, I forgot for a moment to keep thinking, "I can't," and there I was—riding a bicycle!

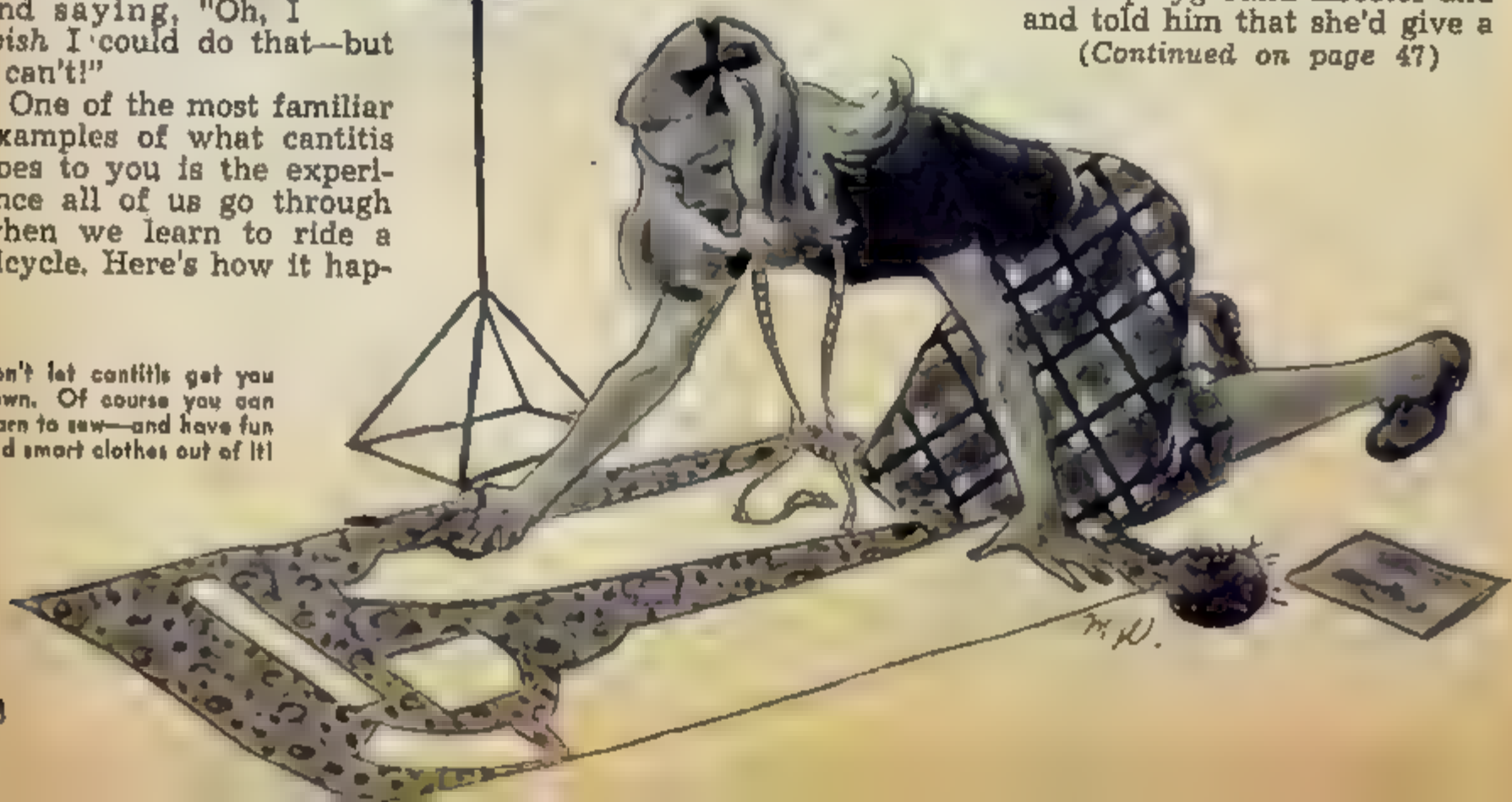
Some people seem to be born without a trace of the cantitis germ in their systems. But don't let that fool you—they have it, the same as anybody else, only they've learned to stuff their fingers in their ears when they hear that inner voice whispering, "I just can't do that."

Take Barbara K., for instance. Barbara wanted to be a playground instructor, but what chance did she have—she was fourteen, and the minimum age for playground instructors was eighteen. There were plenty of university students eager to take the jobs in the summer vacations.

But Barbara wouldn't listen to herself or anyone else telling her what she couldn't do. She figured out what the playgrounds needed that they didn't have—puppet shows. Other cities had given puppet classes on the playgrounds, but not hers. She had never seen a puppet show, but she got books from the library, made puppets from the rag bag, with celluloid doll heads from the dime store. She sawed boards for a stage, sewed curtains, painted scenery. By this time, other people began to get interested in what she was doing. Her dad gave her a lift on the lighting effects; her mother helped her plan costumes.

Barbara wrote a play and persuaded two of her school chums to help her read the lines and work the puppets. Then she went up to the office of the playground director and and told him that she'd give a

(*Continued on page 47*)



Don't let cantitis get you down. Of course you can learn to sew—and have fun and smart clothes out of it!

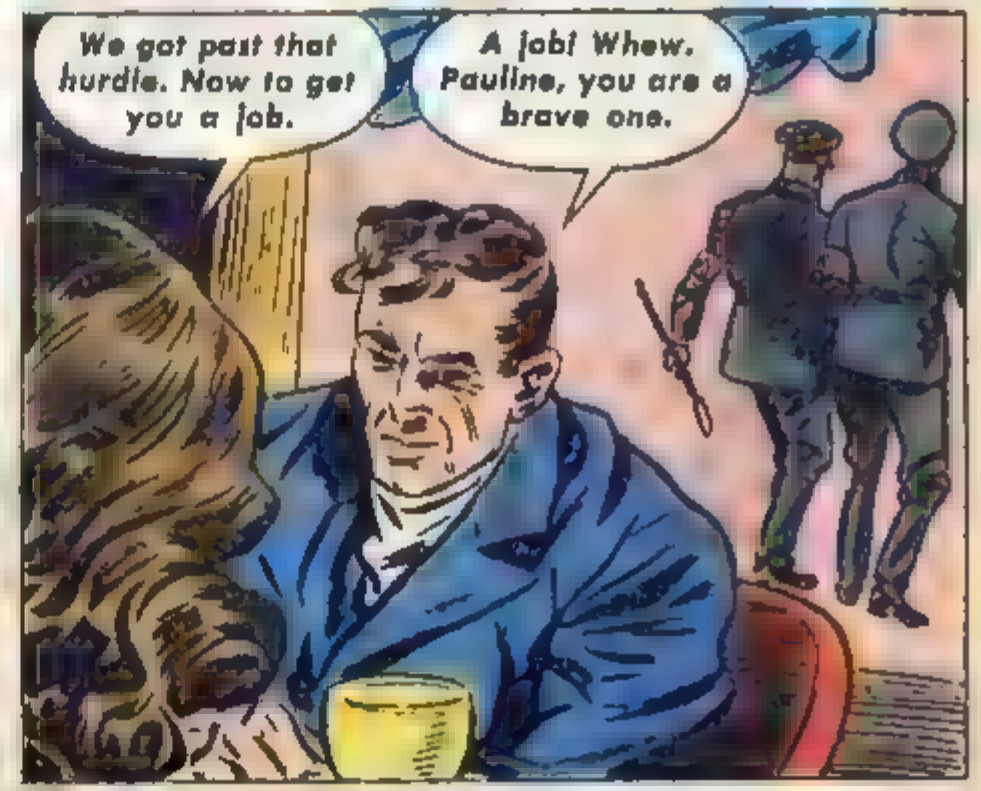
IN THE SHADOW OF THE GESTAPO

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD PAULINE BARTOLI EARNED THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR HER WORK AGAINST THE AXIS —A TRUE STORY

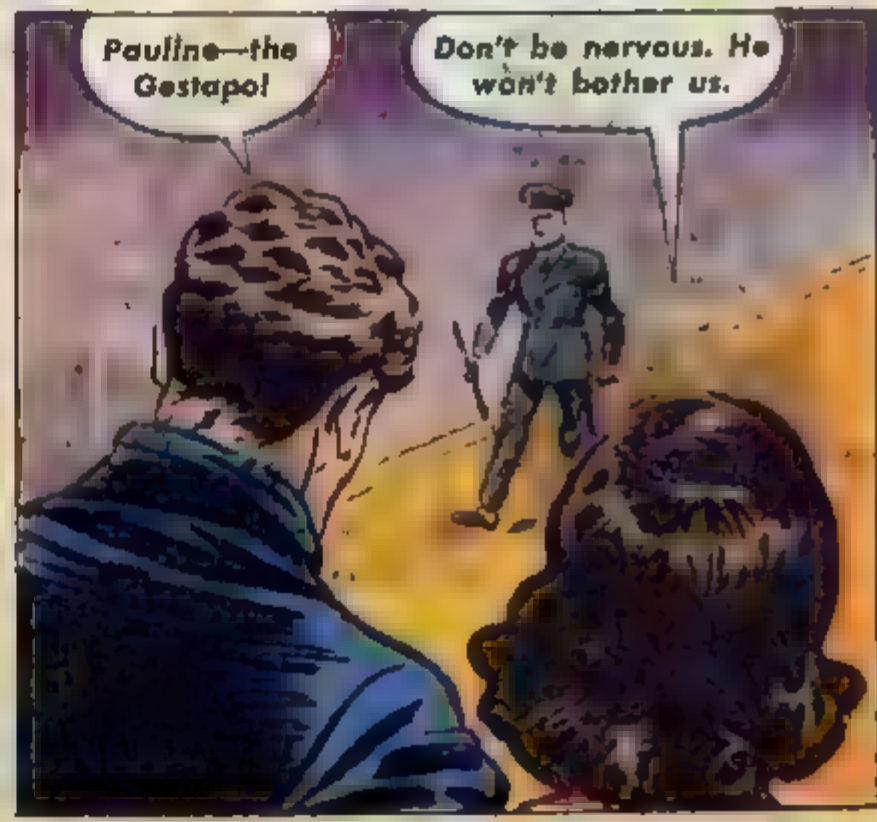
You must be seen with me in public. That will take suspicion from you. The Gestapo trusts me.
It's strange to put trust in the same people as the Gestapo, but that's what we must do.

Act as though you were entertaining your best girl.
That won't be hard, Pauline!

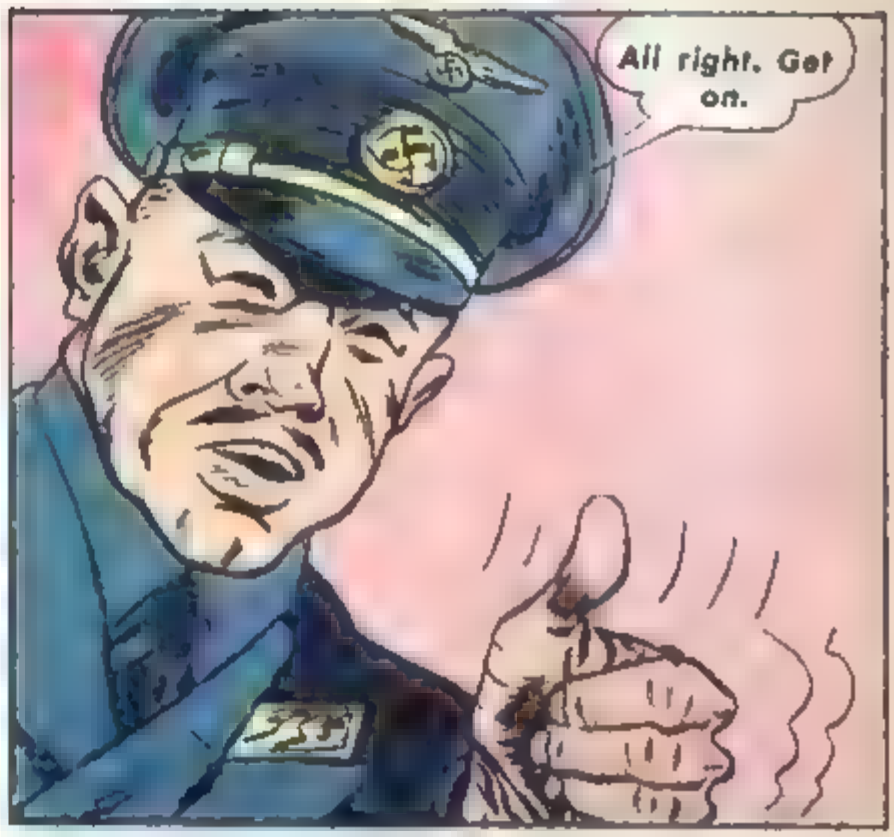
Who's the man with that French girl?
Who knows? But she's a stupid little thing. She wouldn't dare to be seen with someone who wasn't all right.


We got past that hurdle. Now to get you a job.
A job! Whew. Pauline, you are a brave one.

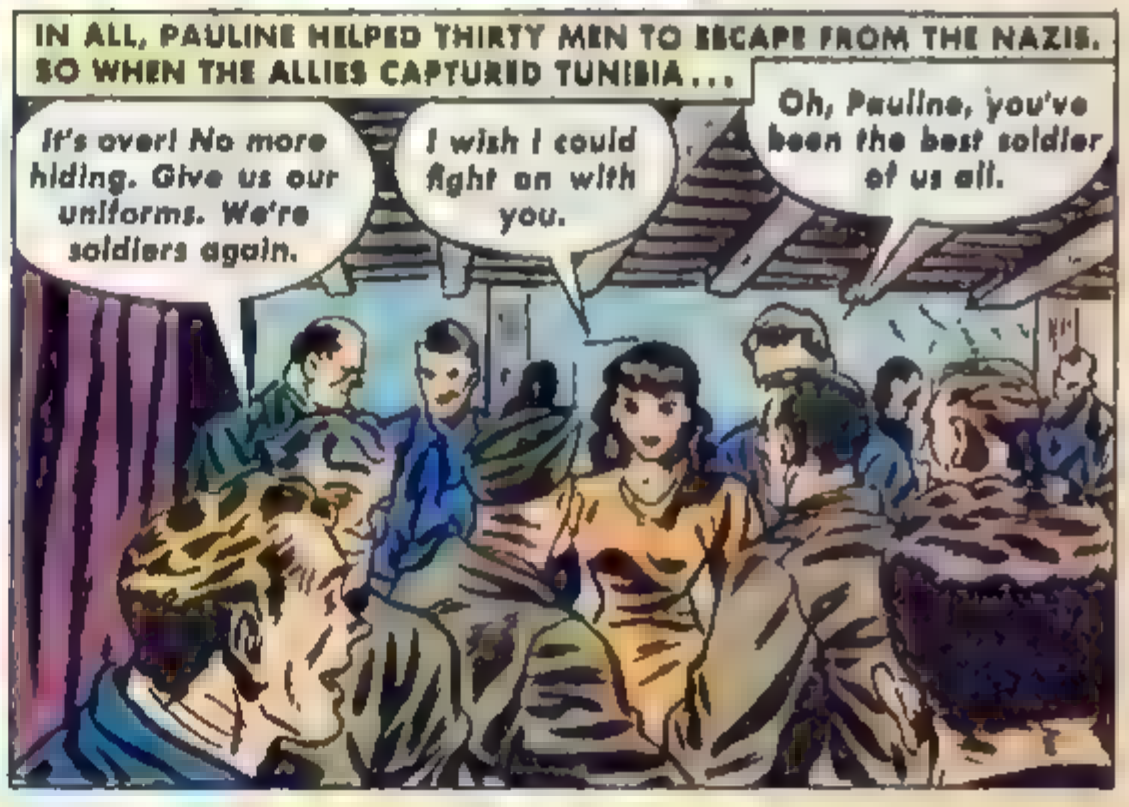
THAT NIGHT . . .
She did it! I'm a respectable, working civilian.
Your turn next, Louis. Here's an identification card for you.


Pauline—the Gestapo!
Don't be nervous. He won't bother us.

Let me see your identification card.
Please, God, don't let him notice it's a fake.


All right. Get on.

That was a little too close for comfort, but you're safe now!


IN ALL, PAULINE HELPED THIRTY MEN TO ESCAPE FROM THE NAZIS. SO WHEN THE ALLIES CAPTURED TUNISIA . . .
It's over! No more hiding. Give us our uniforms. We're soldiers again.
I wish I could fight on with you.
Oh, Pauline, you've been the best soldier of us all.

PAULINE WAS AWARDED THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR BRAVERY.

AND LATER, WHEN KING GEORGE VI OF ENGLAND VISITED NORTH AFRICA . . .
You are a very courageous person, Mademoiselle Bartoli.
I only did what I could, Your Majesty.

Timmy stared at Debby with his thumb in his mouth. He was adorably apple-cheeked and evidently very sleepy.

Victory BEGINS AT HOME

Or at a neighbor's home when, like Debby, a girl decides that her part in the war effort is being a "sitter"

By DOROTHY WALTON BINDER

DEBBY WARNER stood in front of the hall mirror tying her red babushka around her new flat-top hair-do when the phone rang.

"That you, Debby? This is Bob," she heard. "I've got a gallon of gas and the car tonight, so how about going to the show? We'll dance after, at the Tick-Tock."

"Sorry, Bob," Debby answered briskly. "I'm working tonight."

"What do you mean, working?" Bob protested. "This is Friday. You don't have to do homework on Friday, Debby."

"Not studying. I've got a job for the Victory Corps."

"What!" shouted Bob. "What kind of a job?"

"I'm taking care of three children. Their mother can't get any help so she never gets out at night," Debby replied, feeling very efficient.

"Well, for crying out loud!" Bob exclaimed. "Don't we always go to the movies or dance Fridays?"

"Maybe you didn't know there's a war on," Debby said in a most sarcastic tone of voice.

Bob sounded sulky. "If you're going to pull that gag, think about my morale. I'll be joining the Army next fall. You won't see me for a long time."

"I'll take care of your morale then, Bob," Debby chuckled. "I'm late now. Good-bye." She banged the receiver on the hook, adding under her breath, "Spoiled brat!"

Debby hurried along the pleasant street with the pretty homes. A thrill of excitement made her tingle.

Her first job! Miss Wilcox, the girls' dean at high school, had seemed surprised when Debby signed up with the Victory Corps Odd Job Bureau. But she asked Debby what experience she had had. Debby

stammered that she hadn't had much of any except to prepare her father's breakfast and supper and make the beds while her mother was away looking after a sick aunt for a week. She reminded Miss Wilcox that she had taken all the courses in the Victory Corps: Home Nursing, Child Care, and First Aid. She'd even joined the Walk-to-School Club.

Miss Wilcox smiled approvingly. Her finger began to move down a long list of names. Sometimes it hesitated and Debby's heart jumped. At last the finger stopped and Miss Wilcox looked up.

"Mrs. Burton in your neighborhood wants a sitter for Friday night while she and her husband go to the movies. They have three children. Do you think you could qualify?"

"Oh, yes." Debby nodded. "I'm sure I could."

"Then I'll tell Mrs. Burton you'll be there at seven o'clock on Friday. Good luck." Miss Wilcox smiled, dismissing her.

Debby turned the corner. This was a lot better, she thought, than going to the movies with Bob. She recalled his petulant voice. She'd been going with him to the movies and school dances and sometimes skating parties at the country club rink. But lately it wasn't so much fun. Bob didn't take the war seriously. He was having a good time. He didn't enroll in the Victory Corps. You'd think he could have congratulated her tonight—but instead he was mad He was selfish—that was it, selfish and spoiled. She felt a pang of regret, realizing that now Bob's good looks and neat dancing and the slick convertible couldn't make up for her lack of interest in him. She knew he would ask her to the Junior Hop next month, and suddenly she knew she wouldn't go, not with him, ever again.

Debby began watching the numbers of the houses as she turned the corner. Number 824 was across the street, a darling white frame house with green shutters, and pine trees beside the door. She hurried up the steps and rang the bell.

Mr. Burton opened the door. "Oh, good evening," he said genially. "Come in." Then he called, "Okay, Dot. She's here."

Mrs. Burton came hurrying down the stairs to meet Debby.

"How do you do," she said. "You're Debby Warner, aren't you?" She turned to the two little children who followed her. "Here's Patty." She stooped to kiss a little five-year-old girl whose blonde pigtails stuck out like exclamation points from each side of her head. "And this is Benny. He's three, almost four."

The children shyly said, "Hi." Debby smiled at them. They were cute.

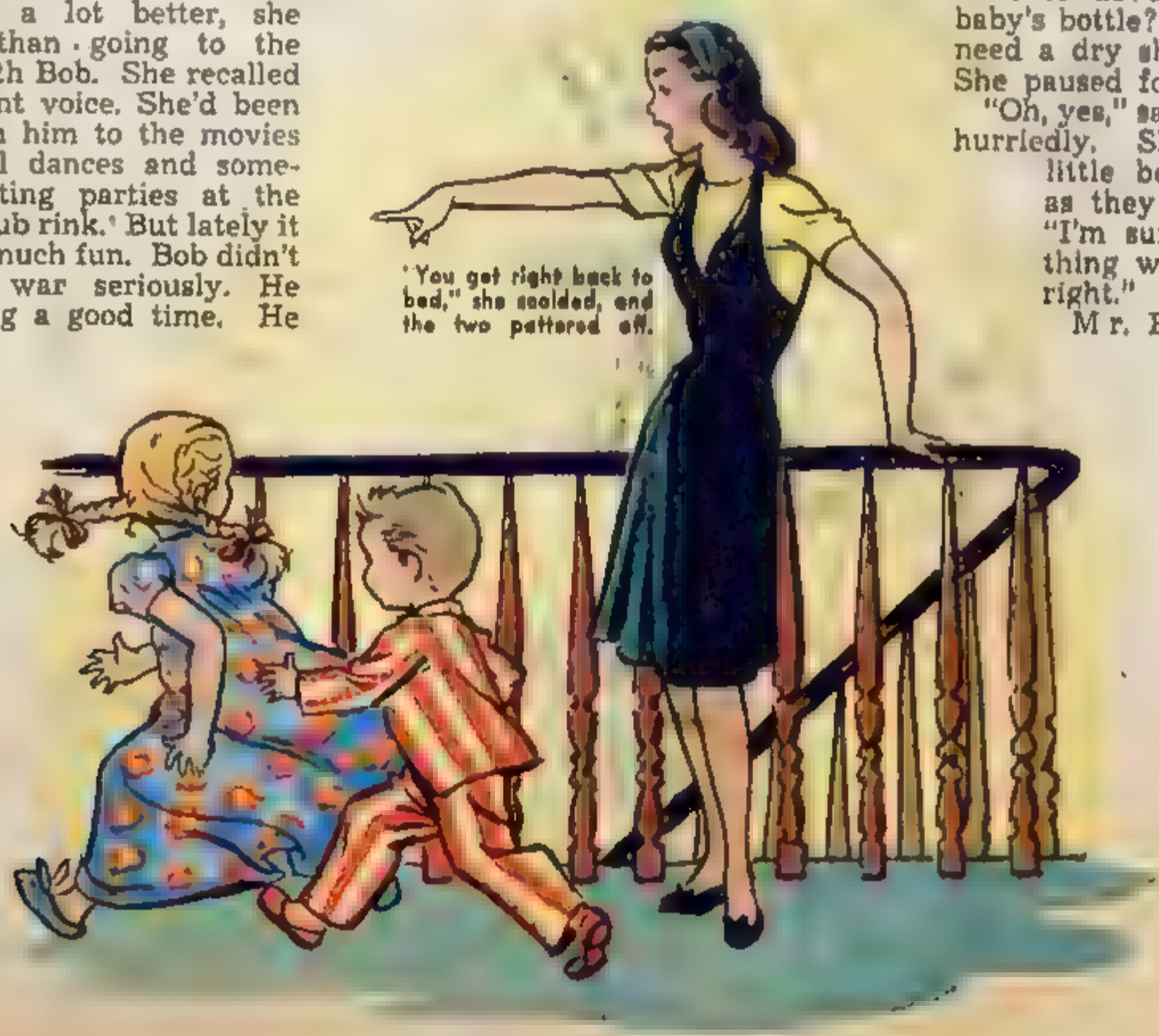
"The baby's in his crib upstairs," Mrs. Burton went on, looking at Debby anxiously. "There's nothing really to do now but change Timmy and put the others to bed. If Timmy wakes up before we get back you'll have to give him his bottle. It's in the icebox."

Mr. Burton's hand was rattling the doorknob impatiently.

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "I guess that's all. Oh, yes, the young fellow who tends the furnace may come before we get home. Do you think you can manage? You're sure you know what to do about the baby's bottle? He may need a dry shirt, too." She paused for breath.

"Oh, yes," said Debby hurriedly. She felt a little bewildered as they left her. "I'm sure everything will be all right."

Mr. Burton



"You get right back to bed," she scolded, and the two pattered off.

closed the door abruptly and Debby felt terribly alone. But Patty and Benny stood by the stairs looking at her uncertainly. Debby pulled herself together.

"What's your whole name, Patty?" she asked.

"Patricia Theodora Burton," Patty replied proudly, stumbling over the syllables.

"An' mine's Benjamin Franklin Burton," Benny offered.

"Where's your baby brother?" Debby decided she'd better tackle Timmy first.

"C'mon. I'll show you," Patty said. She put her warm little hand in Debby's and pulled her up the stairs, Benny following one at a time. Patty led Debby down the hall into a pretty nursery with prancing circus parades on the blue wallpaper.

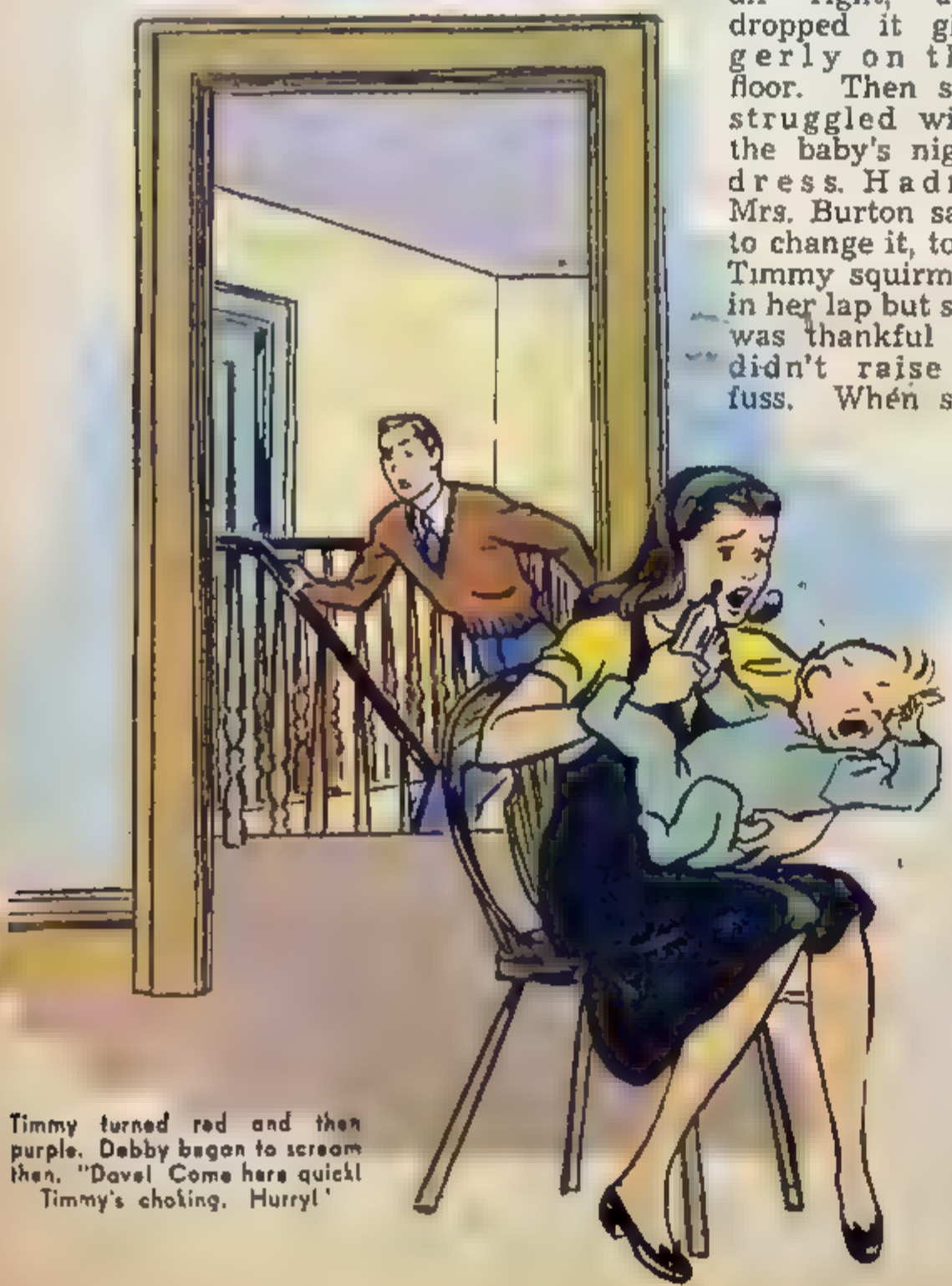
"There he is." Patty pointed to the baby. Timmy stared at her with his thumb in his mouth. He was adorably apple-cheeked and evidently very sleepy.

Debby leaned over the crib and awkwardly tried to lift him.

"Let down the crib bar first," Patty scolded.

"Oh, that's right," Debby replied.

When she finally got the bar down she sat on a chair beside the crib and took Timmy on her lap. He was soft and wiggly and very wet. Not at all like that doll they'd practiced on in Child Care. His clean things were on the small bureau. Debby unpinned the diaper all right, and dropped it gingerly on the floor. Then she struggled with the baby's night dress. Hadn't Mrs. Burton said to change it, too? Timmy squirmed in her lap but she was thankful he didn't raise a fuss. When she got to the undershirt she hesitated. It was wet, too. But there wasn't a dry one in sight. She started to take it off and then put Timmy in his crib and frantically opened the bureau drawers, mussing up everything in her haste. Timmy gave a loud sneeze



Timmy turned red and then purple. Debby began to scream then. "Dave! Come here quick! Timmy's choking. Hurry!"

"He's cold," Benny ventured.

Debby was frightened. Desperately she called to Patty who was putting her doll to bed. "Patty, do you know where Timmy's dry shirt is?"

"Uh huh," said Patty.

Debby persuaded Patty to hurry and bring Timmy's shirt. She tucked the baby in, turned out the lights, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Come on, Benny," she said, taking his hand. "Where are your pajamas?"

"I don't wanna go to bed," wailed Benny angrily.

"Oh, sure you do," Debby urged. "Come on."

But Benny jerked his hand away and began to scramble downstairs. Debby caught him up and carried him back.

"I'll read you a long story," she said, "if you and Patty get in bed." That bribe worked like a charm. From a frayed collection of favorites she read the story of Titty Mouse.

As Debby tucked the covers around Patty the little girl looked up and said, "I like you."

Benny pulled Debby's head down as she covered him, and gave her a loud smack. "I like you, too," he said.

Debby went downstairs feeling lightheaded with success. She sank into an armchair in the living room with a magazine and had just started a story when she heard a sound upstairs. Patty called, "Debby, I wanna drink." Benny echoed, "I wanna drink, too."

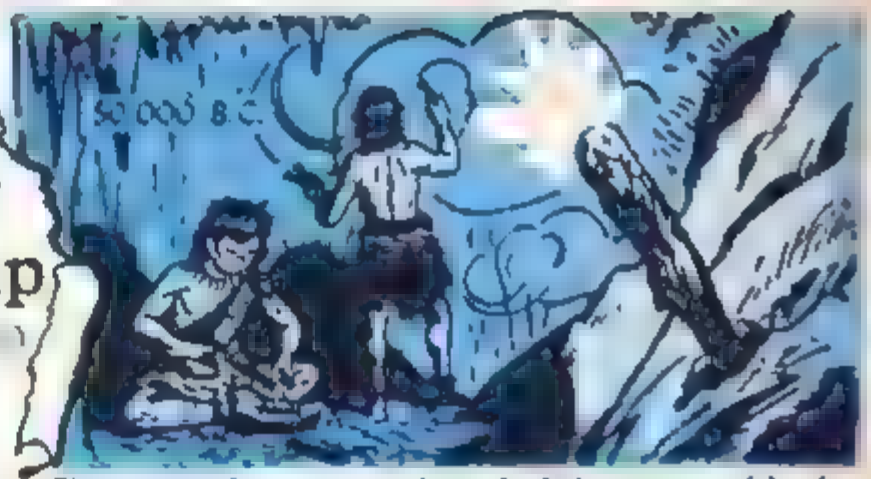
Debby climbed the stairs wearily. It was several minutes before she settled down again to her story. When the phone rang violently she was startled and ran quickly to answer it. A friend wanted Mrs. Burton. As Debby hung up the receiver Benny shouted, "Who's that?"

"You get right back to bed,"

(*Continued on page 26*)

From the Torch to the Fluorescent Lamp

The Story of Light



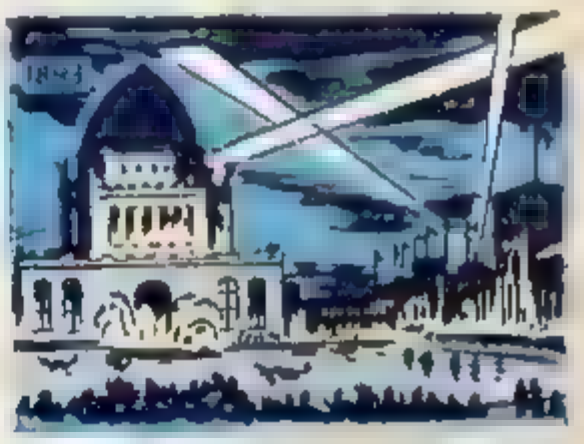
Thousands of years ago, the only light was a stick of burning wood, or a hollowed-out stone in which a bit of burning moss floated on a pool of oil or melted fat.

The Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans made beautiful lamps of clay and metal, but the fuel was olive oil, animal oil or fish oil, and the light was dim, flickering, and smoky.

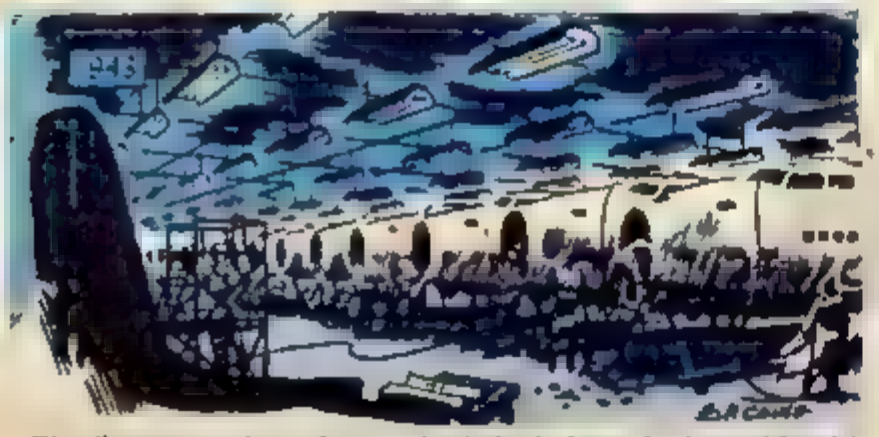
The invention of printing rapidly made reading a common accomplishment, and people demanded better light. Whale oil lamps and spermaceti candles came into common use.

The invention of illuminating gas was a great step ahead, making city streets safer and brightening city homes.

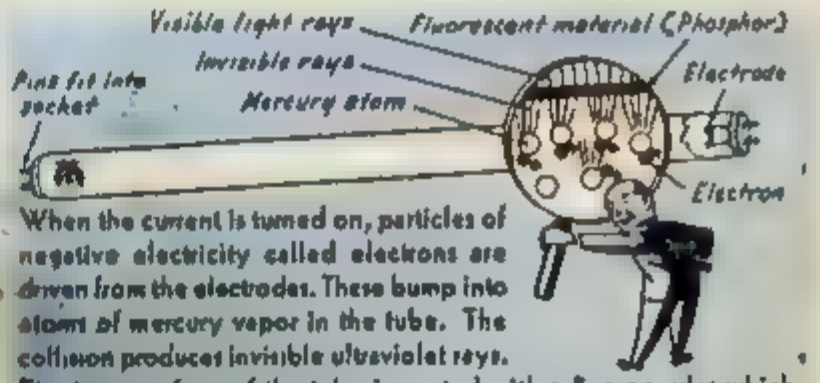
When men first learned to drill wells for petroleum the kerosene lamp came into use in homes all over the world.



Electricity "came of age" with the great lighting system built by Westinghouse for the World's Columbian Exposition.



The fluorescent lamp brings daylight indoors. Lighting like this Westinghouse installation in an airplane factory makes possible the accurate work which these big, fast bombers require.



When the current is turned on, particles of negative electricity called electrons are driven from the electrodes. These bump into atoms of mercury vapor in the tube. The collision produces invisible ultraviolet rays. The inner surface of the tube is coated with a fine powder which gives off light (becomes *fluorescent*) when ultraviolet rays strike it. Thus this powder, called a *phosphor*, changes invisible ultraviolet rays to rays of visible light.

Would you like a large copy of this picture-story (without advertising) for your school room? Ask your teacher to write for Picture Story CG 54, to School Service, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, P. O. Box 1017, 306 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES — OFFICES EVERYWHERE

VICTORY BEGINS AT HOME

(*Continued from page 24*)

she scolded, and two pairs of feet pattered off as she ran upstairs to tuck them in for the third time.

She eventually picked up the story where she had left off. Commandos were creeping along the railroad track in the inky black night near a French village when the back doorbell jangled loudly. The kitchen was dark, too. Who would be ringing the bell this time of night? She fumbled for the light switch and peered through the glass-topped door. Why, it was Dave Manson, president of Student Council and captain of the track team. Everyone thought a lot of Dave because he worked his way through school and was a swell guy even though he seldom dated.

"Why, hello, Dave," Debby said. "Come in."

"Debby Warner!" he exclaimed, smiling at her. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm the nursemaid."

"I'm a furnaceman," Dave returned. "I didn't know you worked, Debby."

Debby blushed. "I'm not much good, but I wanted to do something useful so I joined the Victory Corps."

"Good for you," Dave said. Then he burst out, "Patty Burton, what are you and Benny doing downstairs?"

The two children stood in the doorway. "Oh," Debby groaned. "This is the third time they've been up since I put them to bed."

"We wanna drink," Benny and Patty chorused.

"You've had a drink," Debby said.

"Get going, my fine friends," said Dave in firm tones. "Make it snappy."

They ran upstairs, with Dave behind them up to the landing. There was silence. "You seem to have the right method, Dave," Debby said.

Dave grinned. "Well, I'd better stoke the furnace," he said.

Debby could hear him shaking down the ashes and shoveling coal. Suddenly a scream came from the second floor.

"It's Timmy," gasped Debby. She dashed upstairs. The baby had kicked off the covers and was howling at the top of his lungs. He was sopping wet. Debby found a clean diaper and changed him while he struggled and screamed. Debby thought Timmy would automatically stop crying the minute he was dry again but his angry screams increased. She was frantic. Then she remembered about the bottle. Of course. Timmy was hungry.

She left him in the crib and raced down to the kitchen. There was the bottle, right next to the freezer tray of the refrigerator.

Going back she took two steps at a time. Timmy stopped crying when he saw his bottle.

But at the first mouthful of icy milk he pushed the bottle away and screamed so hard he couldn't get his breath. He turned red and then purple.

Debby began to scream then. "Dave! Come here quick! Timmy's choking. Hurry!"

Dave came up three stairs at a time. "Here," he said comfortingly, "let's see what I can do. He took the bottle from Debby. "Boy, it's ice cold. Put it under the hot water faucet. Hold it two or three minutes and then shake a drop on your wrist. If you can't feel it, it's warm enough."

Dave picked up Timmy, wrapped him expertly in a blanket, and walked up and down with him. "Calm yourself, my boy," he said, "the grub's coming." Debby ran to follow Dave's directions. Gradually Timmy's sobs subsided and when she brought the bottle back the baby gulped it hungrily.

"Dave, you're a lifesaver," she said gratefully as they went downstairs. "You got them all quiet. How do you know so much about babies?"

"I'm an old hand," said Dave grinning at her. "My mom broke me in at the age of eight and I've been doing it ever since. There are three younger ones at home, see?"

"Maybe if I'd had a brother or a sister I wouldn't be so dumb."

"You're not dumb," Dave said. His tone was sincere and his smile was warm and friendly. Three kids are something to handle when you aren't used to it. But I'll have to leave you now."

"Thanks a million, Dave," Debby said, wishing he could stay and talk to her.

Dave hesitated. "Listen, Debby, I'm not much of a dancer, but will you let me take you to the Junior Hop? We'd have to walk, because I haven't a car even if I had the gas."

Debby laughed. "Don't you know I'm president of the Walk-to-School Club?"

"Well, will you?"

"I'd love to," Debby said, smiling. "See you Monday."

Dave beamed as he left.

When the Burtons returned an hour later the house was quiet and Debby was dozing.

"How did everything go?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Just fine," Debby replied. "The children are darling," she added happily, as Mr. Burton handed her her first wages.

Coming Soon In

CALLING ALL GIRLS

HORSE LAUGH

The Minute Maids buy a horse by mistake—and with him plenty of headaches.

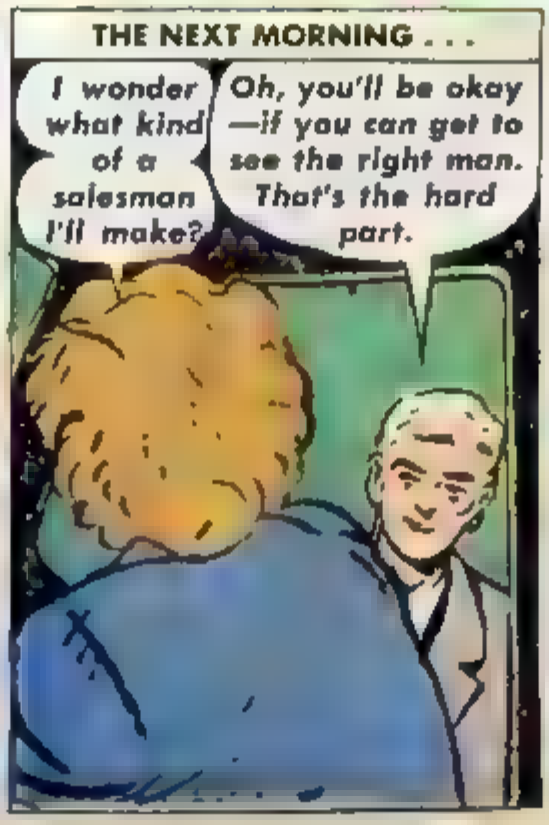
HOW TO TAKE BETTER PICTURES

An instructor of photography in the Army Air Forces tells how to get the best results from camera and film.

And the true picture stories, short stories, articles, and all the other fine features for which you turn to your favorite magazine.

JUDY WING

SHE MAKES AN IMPRESSION



MEANWHILE, AT HARLEY COLLEGE . . .

Won't this storm hurt your new lawn, Dad?

How? A good spring rain should help it.

Anyway I hope so. That lawn is my pride and joy. First time I've had it that nice.

Of all the breaks, a storm like this. I'd better put down wherever I can.

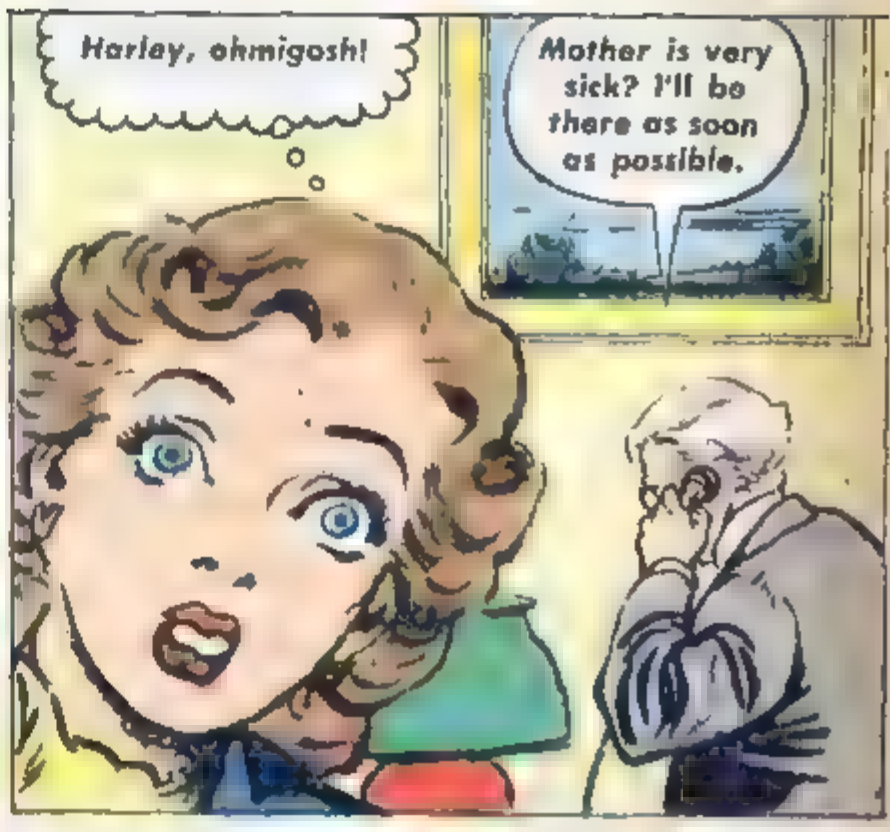
Look! That plane is going to land!

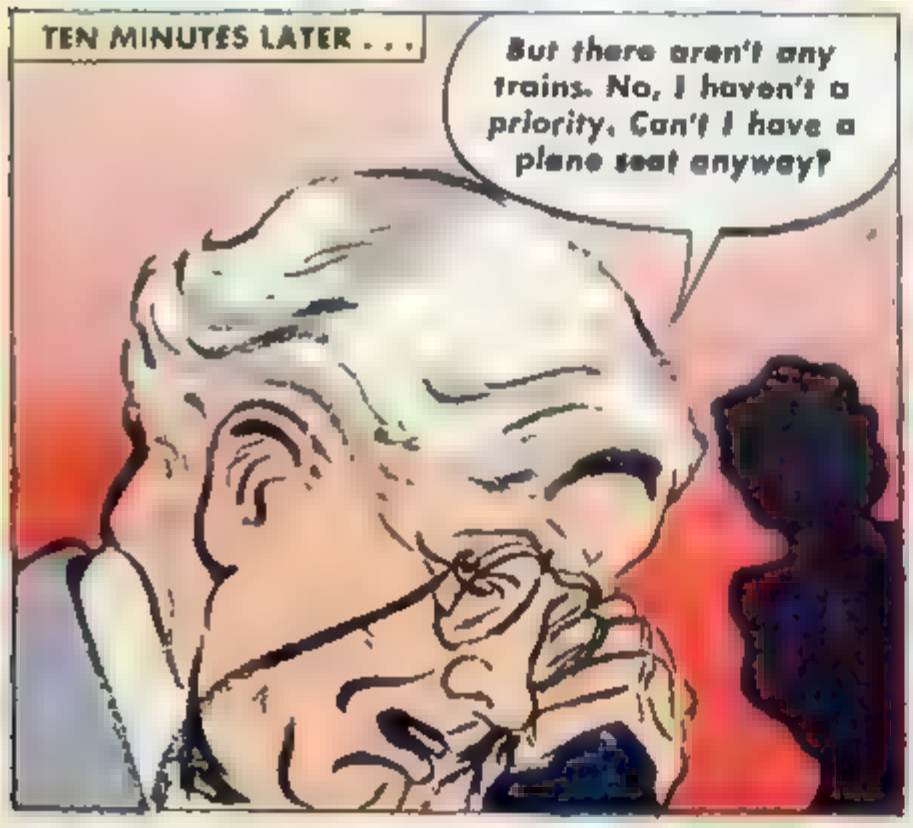
It can't do that on my lawn.

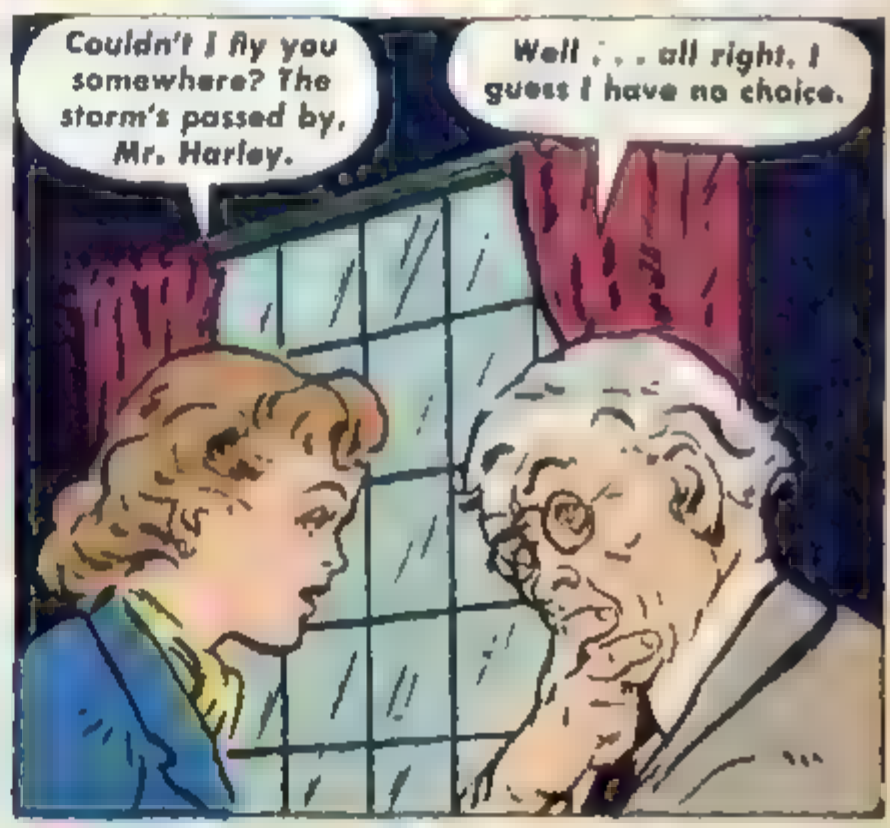
Oh, my lawn! It's ruined, completely ruined.

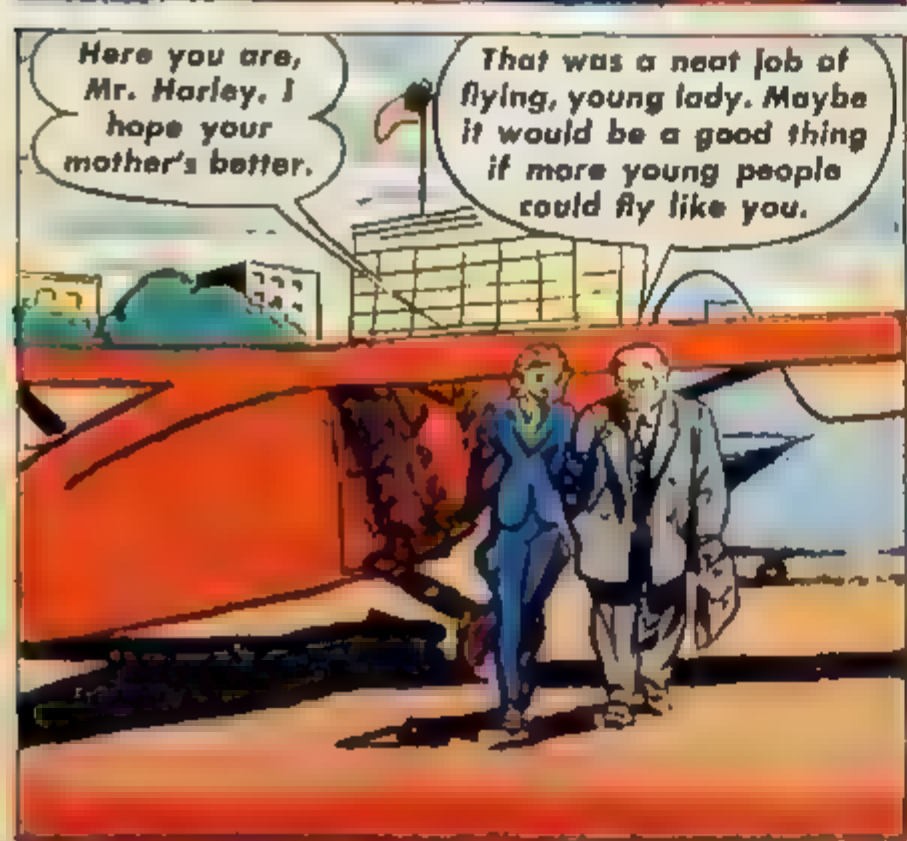
Your open field saved my life. I was forced down and . . .

Field! Why — why don't you young whipper-snappers have more sense than to fly in weather like this?









Read about more of Judy's experiences with the colleges in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

(Continued from page 10)

about it, I'll call Dr. Britt myself."

A moment later Bonnie was at the telephone. The others waited, breathless.

"What did he say?" they asked in one voice when the call was finished.

"He thanked me and said he'd speak to the head nurse and order restraints . . ."

"Restraints! Oh, Bonnie!" Gail cried. "They're strait jackets, really, and they must be dreadfully uncomfortable."

"Not as uncomfortable as fire."

"Bonnie's right," Eva put in. "I don't know what you see in that queer old woman, anyway. I wouldn't be sorry for her. I mean, if she started the fire."

"But if she didn't . . ."

That was the way they left it. There were other things to puzzle over such as the mysteries of Materia Medica and the final chemistry test. Classes went on as usual with experiments in anatomy and physiology as well as some very interesting slides to study in microbiology. Under the microscope everything looked different. Gail thought of the ashes she had saved and decided to study them some day after class.

"Maybe there was something more to that note. I think I'll ask Miss Holly to write something. Then I can compare handwriting."

"What good will that do?" asked Susan. "Bonnie found the most important clue."

"I hope it wasn't anything of mine."

Gail's roommate laughed. "Cheer up. It was probably your signet ring. Or don't you have one?"

"I wouldn't wear it in the wards if I had," Gail replied. "After this experience with Miss Holly, I see why we're not allowed to wear jewelry."

"There are reasons for all the rules," declared Susan, "especially the one about no smoking. The whole thing could have been an accident. Most fires are."

Gail agreed. She was relieved to hear from one of the other nurses on duty in the old Medical Building that the restraining jacket had not been ordered after all.

"Miss Holly has been asking for you," the head nurse informed Gail when the girls returned to the wards after another week of classroom instruction. "Please be careful not to excite her this morning. Have you ever given a bed bath?"

"We've practiced on each other in class and—and bathed the doll."

"There's a first time for everything. Here are your patients. You may as well begin on Miss Holly."

"I'm scared," Eva whispered. "Bathing a sick person in bed isn't going to be much like bathing a doll. Suppose the patient gets cold or something?"

"She won't if you keep the bath blanket around her."

"Wh—where's Miss Holly?"

"She must be asleep," Gail answered, glancing at the last bed. "I'll let her wait and bathe my other patient first. Oh, good! It's the mother of that nice sailor."

The patient's name, Gail discovered when she looked at the card on her bed, was Mrs. Laurence Brooke Hamilton. Was her son's name Laurence, Gail wondered? Would his friends call him Larry? She wished she knew him well enough to ask him what he had taken from the drawer. As Gail was setting out the bath things, the patient assured her that she was quite well enough to bathe herself.

"I'm going home tomorrow," she beamed. "Dr. Britt says I'll be all right now if I watch my diet. He's going to be a wonderful doctor."

"I really dread this," Gail thought as she drew the white screen around the last bed. "What if Miss Holly says something! I'm not used to deceiving people. What will I tell her? Oh, dear! She's so quiet, too. I'm sure she must be asleep. It seems a shame to wake her up. Miss Holly!"

There was no answer from the bed. Gail spoke louder.

Again there was no answer. Suddenly Gail was reminded of the time she had spoken to the classroom doll, thinking she was a real person. The lump under the covers seemed as lifeless as that!

Fearfully, Gail pulled back the sheet. Instead of a patient, she found only a rolled-up bath blanket. Miss Holly had vanished. Gail raced down to the head nurse's desk.

"It's Miss Holly!" she gasped. "She's gone! I was wrong about her. We've got to stop her before anything happens . . ."

"We'll stop her," Miss Robinson said grimly as she picked up the telephone.

(To be continued)

THE LADY OF THE RAIN

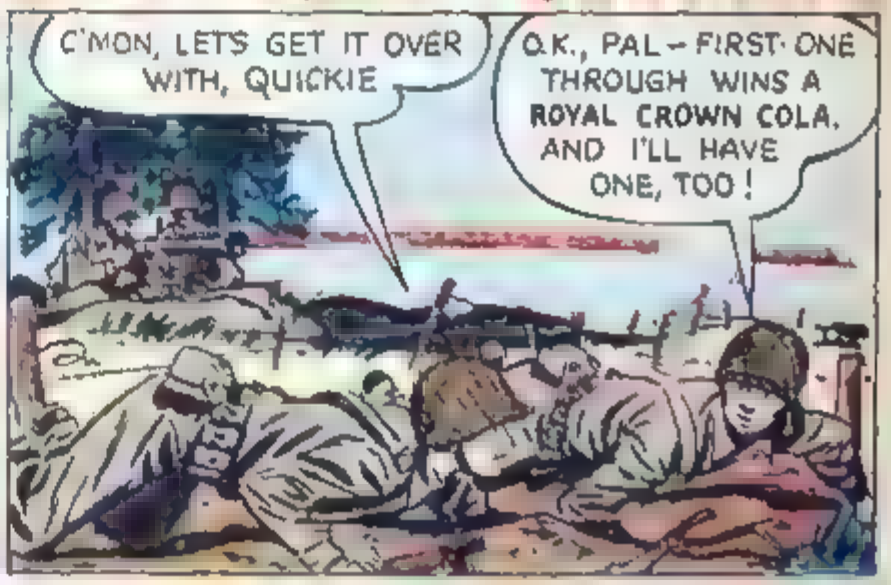
By MIRIAM PRESTON
Fourteen Years Old

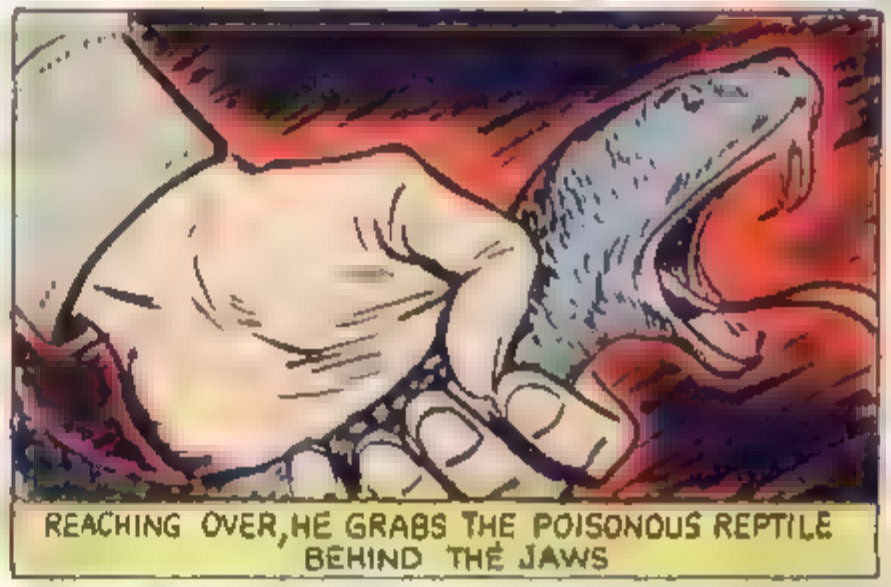
My Lady Rain is vexed today,
And lifts her hands of shiny pearls.
Her silver head is flung up high;
Her robe of rain is thrown aswirl.

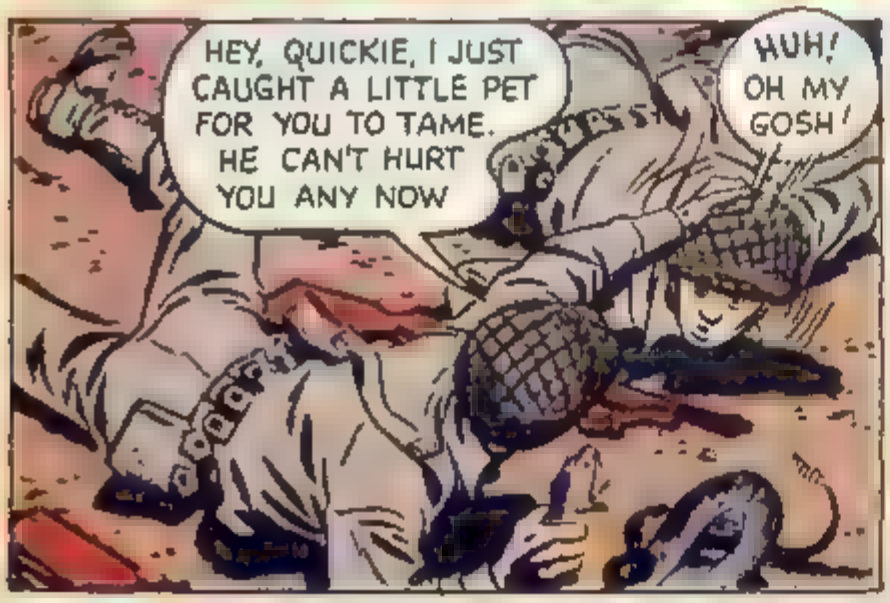
Then quietude creeps shyly back,
And suddenly her passion's o'er
As sunshine fills her soul with joy,
And peace prevails throughout, once more.

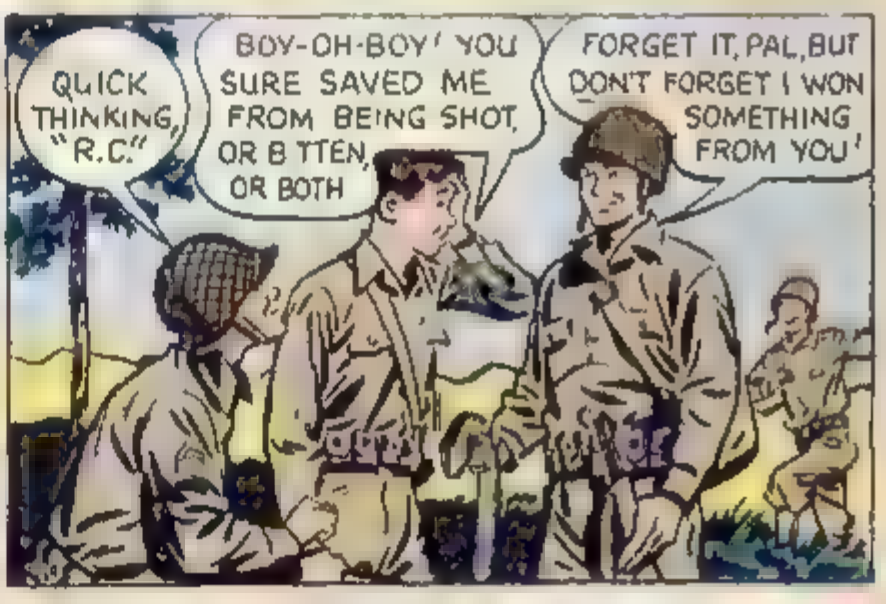
Her glistening hands are lowered now,
Her robe of misty rain and dew
Has dropp'd around her silver feet,
As gloom's replaced by light anew.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



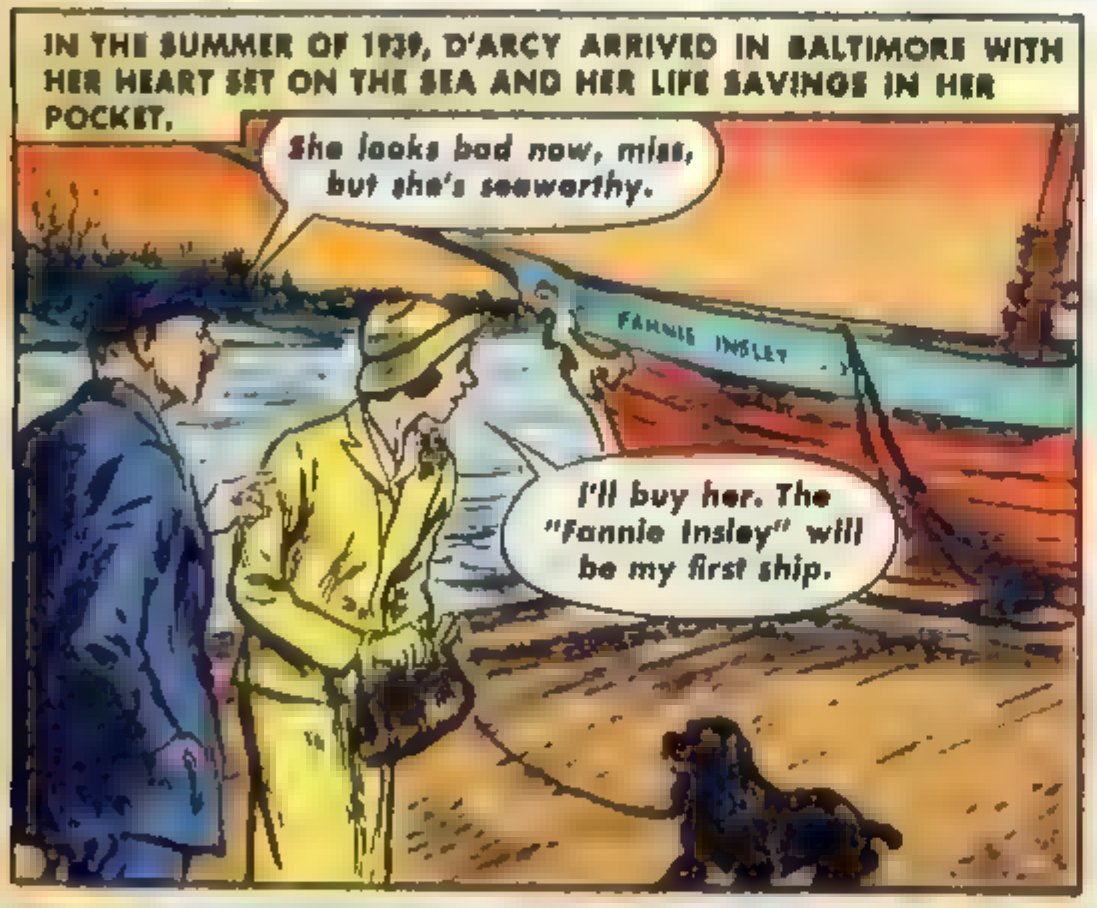


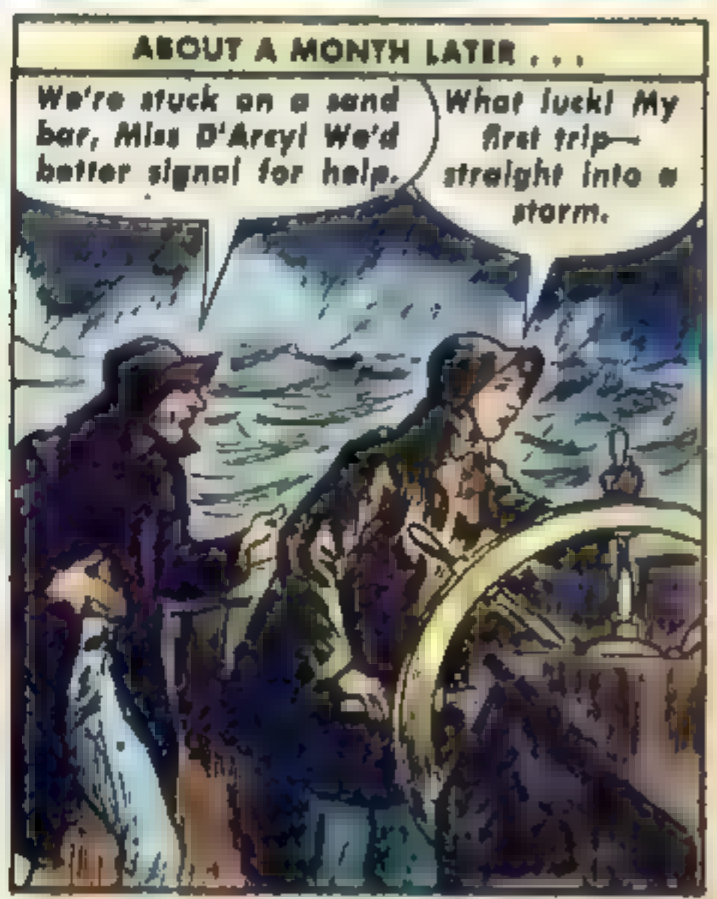


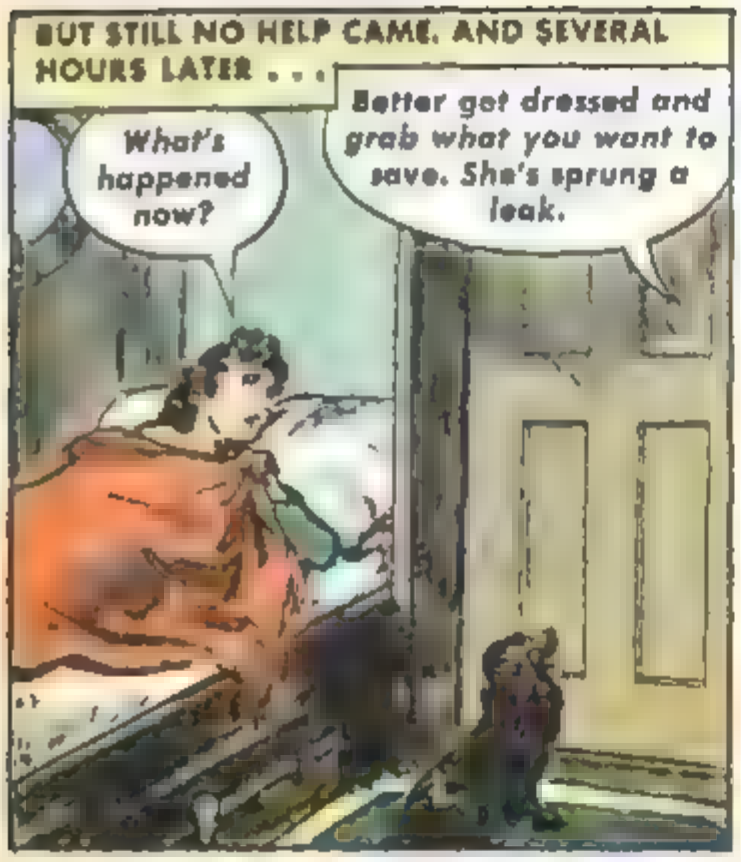


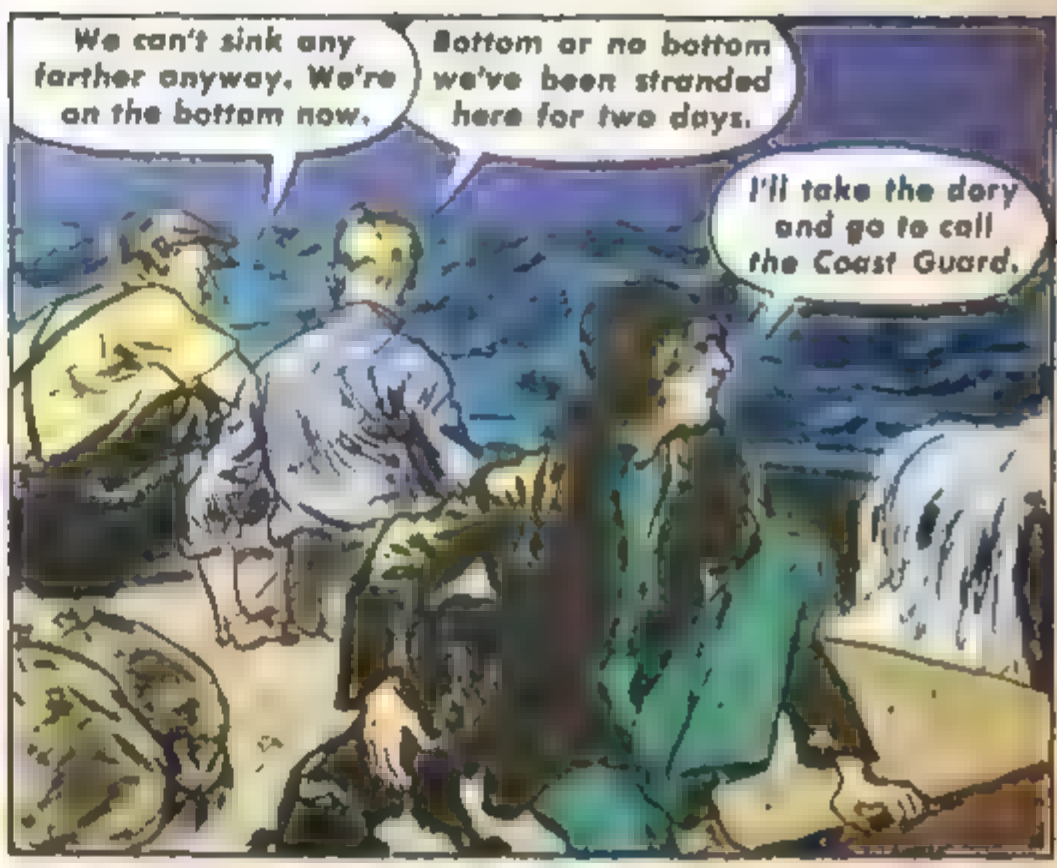
SKIPPER IN THE SPARS

THE TRUE STORY OF SEAFARING D'ARCY GRANT PARROTT, FORMERLY A SKIPPER ON CHESAPEAKE BAY AND NOW AN ENSIGN IN THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

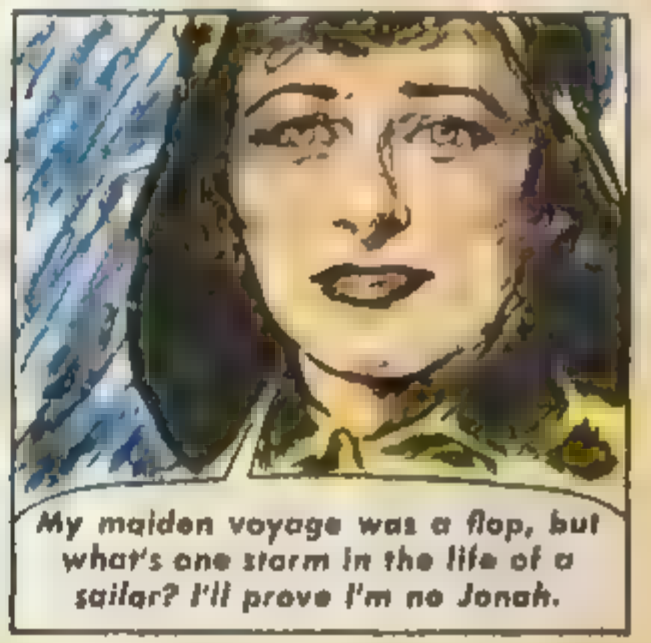


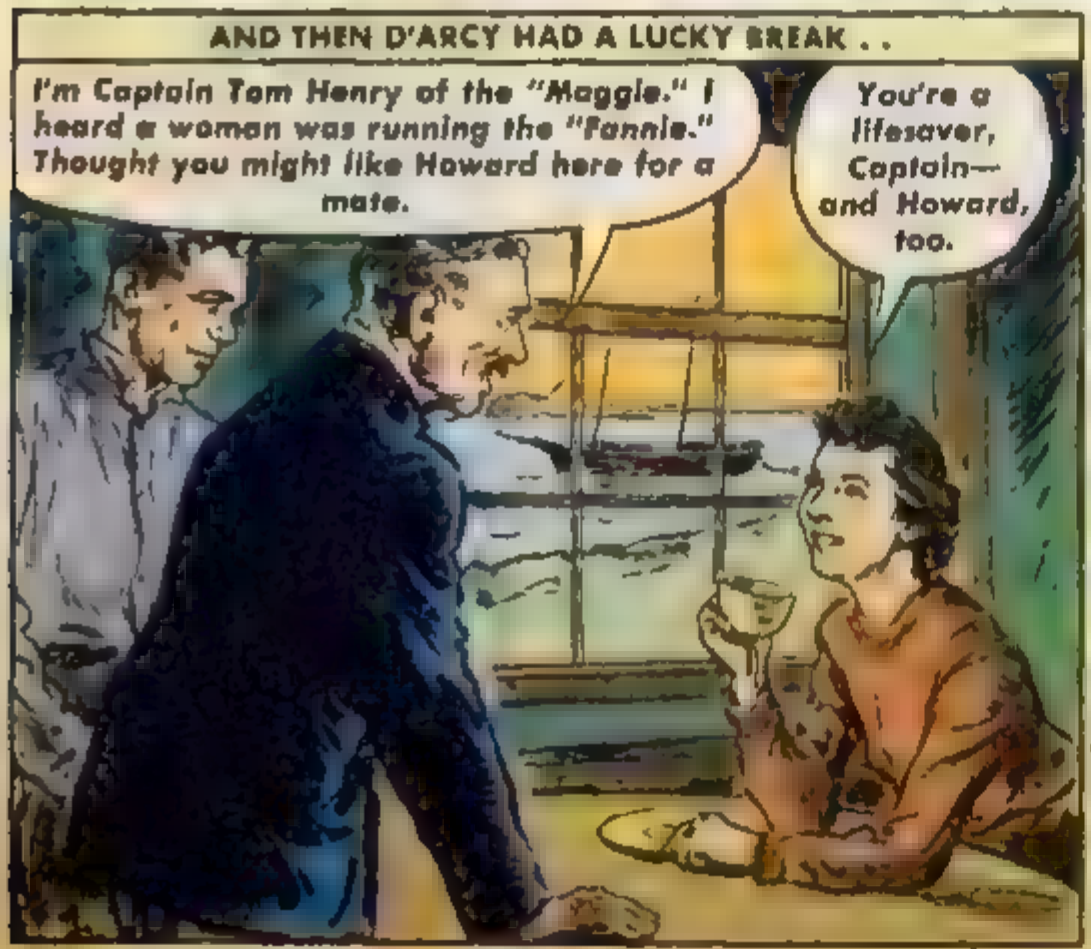


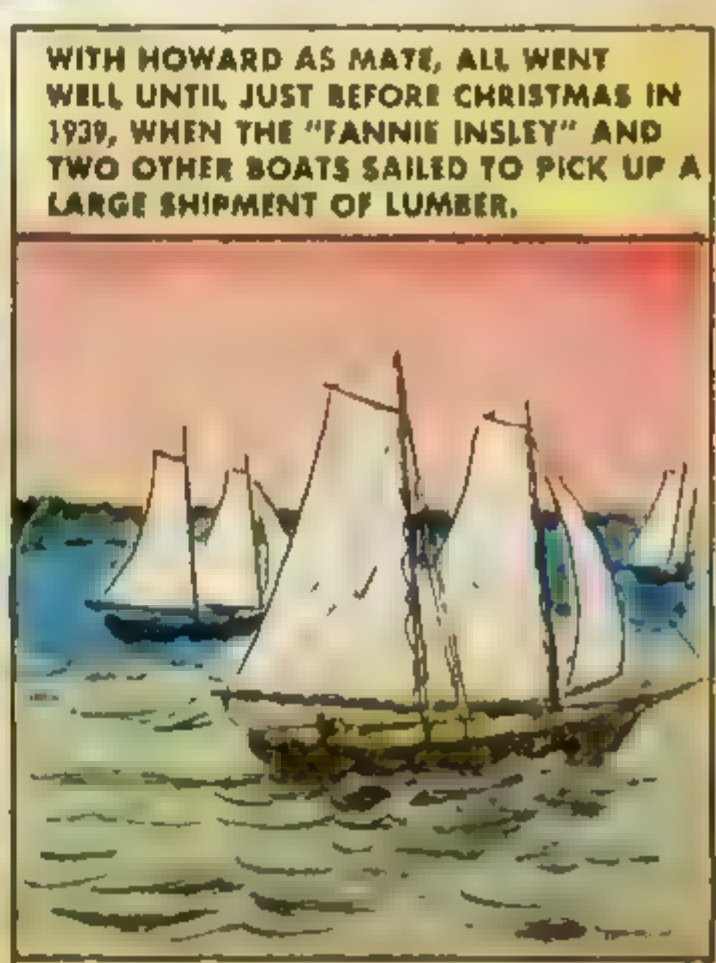

BUT STILL NO HELP CAME, AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .
What's happened now?
Better get dressed and grab what you want to save. She's sprung a leak.


We can't sink any farther anyway. We're on the bottom now.
Bottom or no bottom we've been stranded here for two days.
I'll take the dory and go to call the Coast Guard.

AND THE COAST GUARD CAME TO THEIR RESCUE . . .
Just in time. There's another storm blowing up.
I knew a woman skipper would be a Jonah. I'm getting out of here.


My maiden voyage was a flop, but what's one storm in the life of a sailor? I'll prove I'm no Jonah.


AND THEN D'ARCY HAD A LUCKY BREAK . .
I'm Captain Tom Henry of the "Maggie." I heard a woman was running the "Fannie." Thought you might like Howard here for a mate.
You're a lifesaver, Captain— and Howard, too.


WITH HOWARD AS MATE, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS IN 1939, WHEN THE "FANNIE INSLEY" AND TWO OTHER BOATS SAILED TO PICK UP A LARGE SHIPMENT OF LUMBER.

A NOR'WEST GALE CAME UP SUDDENLY . . .

I'll go help him.

I need help with the sails.

Lash me to the wheel before you leave! I can't hold it by myself.

This is some storm. I can almost SEE the wind blow.

Hey! The sail's blowing to pieces.

It will be a miracle if we get to our loading point.

DESPITE SNOW AND ICE STORMS, THEY FINALLY GOT THEIR LOADS AND STARTED BACK AFTER NEW YEAR'S . . .

Looks like another gale coming up!

We'd better lie over at Fishing Bay . . . too big a load to buck the wind.

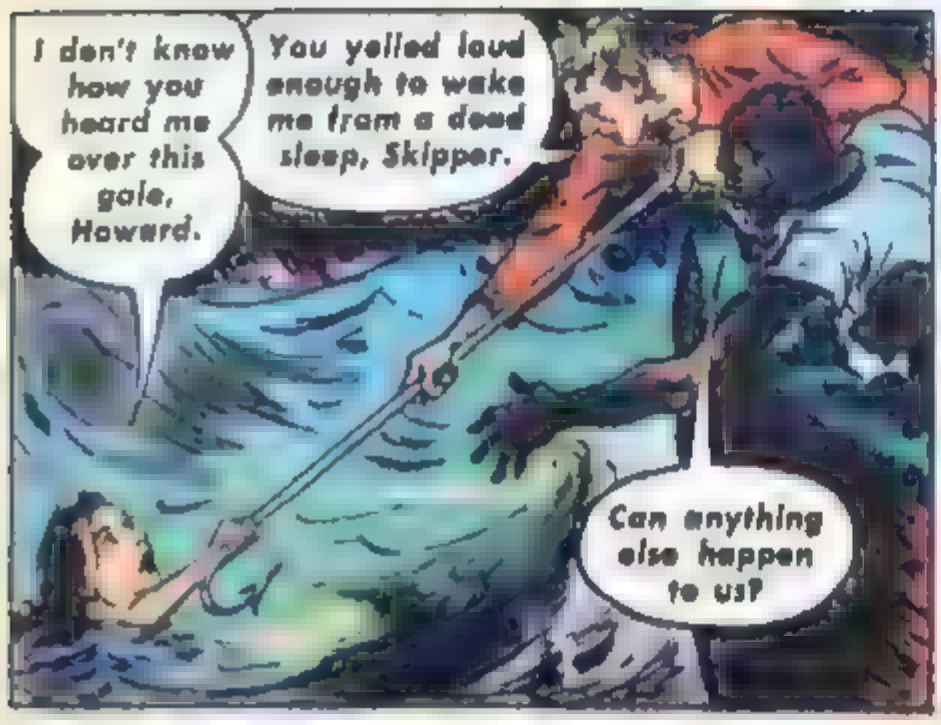
ON THE MIDNIGHT WATCH AT FISHING BAY . . .

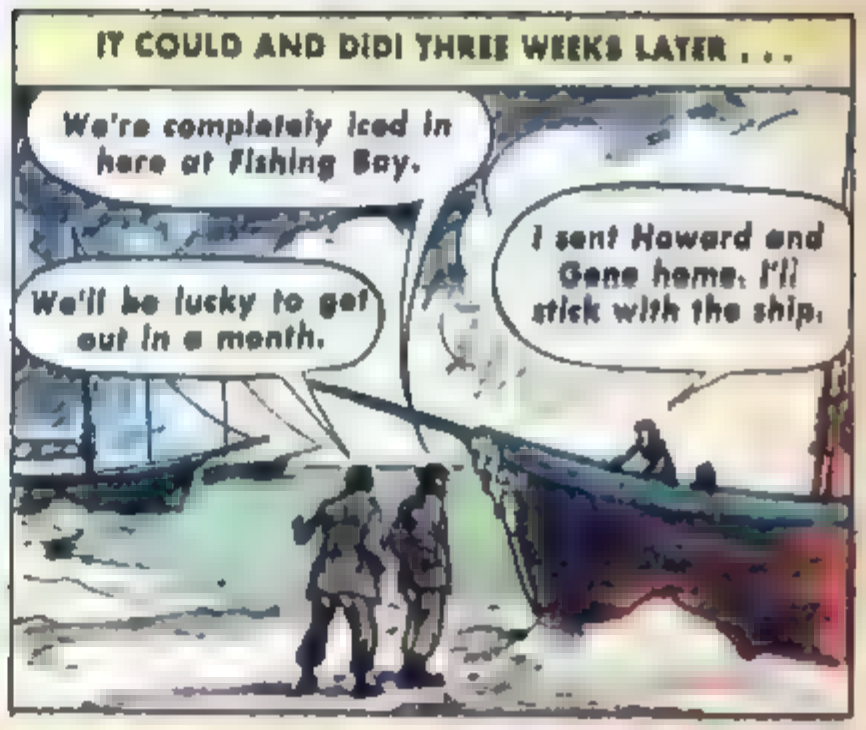
I'm licked. I hope I don't fall asleep on anchor watch.

BUT SHE DID, AND TOPPLED OVERBOARD!

Help!

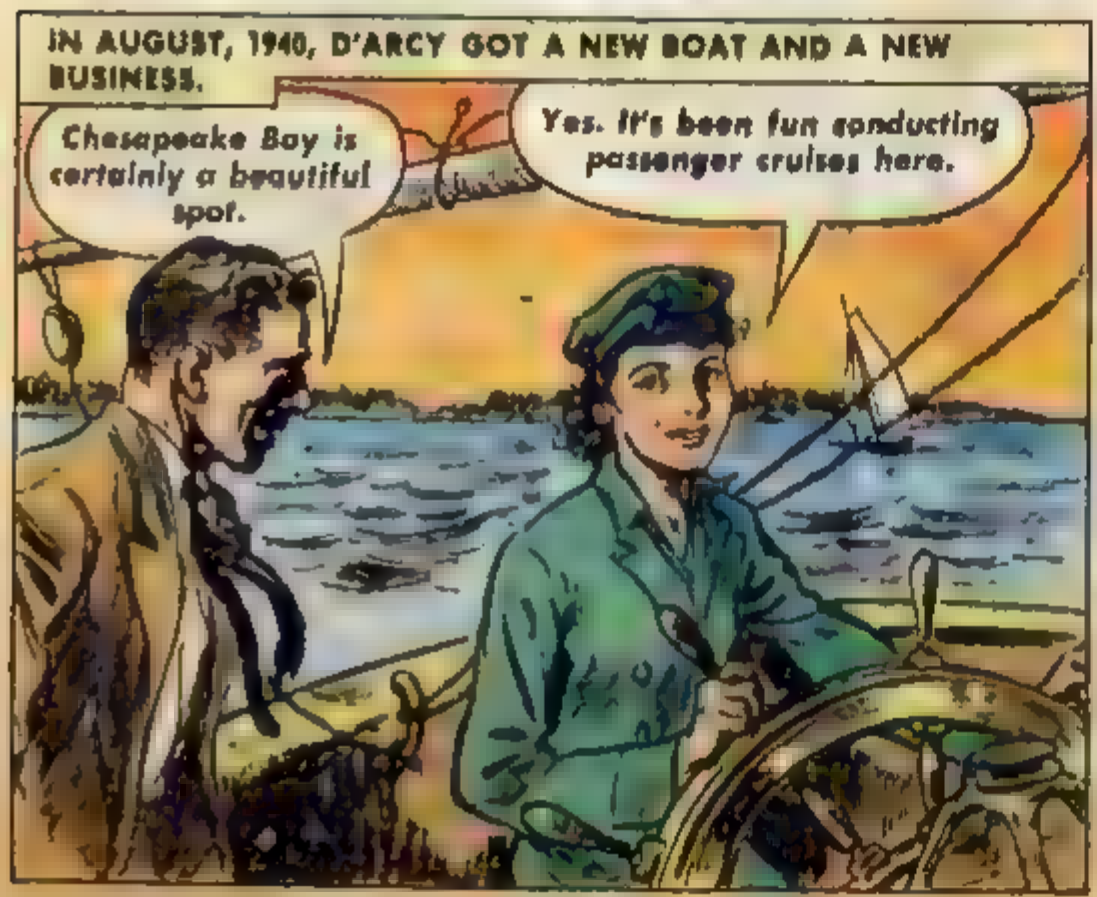
Help! Howard! Gene.


I don't know how you heard me over this gale, Howard.
You yelled loud enough to wake me from a dead sleep, Skipper.
Can anything else happen to us?


IT COULD AND DIDI THREE WEEKS LATER . . .
We're completely iced in here at Fishing Bay.
We'll be lucky to get out in a month.
I sent Howard and Gene home. I'll stick with the ship.

We're running low on supplies.
It's no better on shore. The roads are blocked by blizzards.
If I never see lima beans again, it'll be too soon.

BUT FINALLY THEY GOT OUT.
Home at last, and the cargo hasn't even been damaged.
It's March already—took us three months to do a ten-day run.


IN AUGUST, 1940, D'ARCY GOT A NEW BOAT AND A NEW BUSINESS.
Chesapeake Bay is certainly a beautiful spot.
Yes. It's been fun conducting passenger cruises here.

THEN, STILL TRUE TO THE SEA, D'ARCY ENLISTED IN THE SPARS . . .
I've weathered a lot of storms, and enlisting in the SPARS is the best way I know to thank the Coast Guard for coming to my rescue and to help weather the biggest storm of all.

JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING

LIGHT AS A FEATHER

By LETTIE GAY
Junior Housekeeping Editor

IF YOU WANT FAME AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, MAKE AN OMELET

HERE'S HOW: SEPARATE WHITES AND YOLKS OF 4 EGGS. BEAT WHITES UNTIL STIFF; THEN BEAT YOLKS UNTIL WELL MIXED. ADD ONE-HALF TEASPOON SALT AND ONE-EIGHTH TEASPOON PEPPER TO YOLKS.

Good timing and light handling—they're what make a fluffy omelet.

That looks like fun, pouring the yolk back and forth that way! I always wondered how you got the whites separated.

ADD 4 TABLESPOONS HOT WATER TO THE YOLKS.

Aren't they ready yet?

Not quite. I have to add the water slowly and beat the yolks well after each spoonful.

FOLD WHITES INTO BEATEN YOLKS. MELT 1½ TABLESPOONS BUTTER OR OTHER FAT IN FRYING PAN OR OMELET PAN.

Why don't you just stir it?

That would break the air bubbles and the omelet wouldn't rise. It only needs a little mixing, anyway, so you can heat heat the pan, Bob—but not too hot.

Now to cook the masterpiece. Turn the flame down low so it'll cook slowly.

AFTER 8 OR 10 MINUTES THE OMELET SHOULD BE BROWN ON THE BOTTOM AND READY TO PUT INTO A MODERATE OVEN (350°) FOR 3 OR 4 MINUTES.

It will be all set after a couple of minutes in the oven.

And will I be all set to eat it!

Look for the fashions O.K.'d by CALLING ALL GIRLS (or similar fashions) in the teen departments of stores listed below:

Akron, Ohio.....A. Polsky Company
Albany, N. Y.....The Wonder Shop
Allentown, Pa.....Hess Bros.
Baltimore, Md.....The Hub
Binghamton, N. Y.....Hills, McLean & Hoskins
Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Boston, Mass.....Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Inc.
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Utica, N. Y.....Berger's Dept. Store
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If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to
Fashion Department,
CALLING ALL GIRLS,
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

OMELET VARIATIONS

New ways to make an omelet a festive dish for a special breakfast, lunch, or supper

NOW you know how to make a light-as-a-feather omelet. But a final caution! Before you take it from the oven make sure it is done by touching it gently. If no egg sticks to your finger, then remove the omelet from the oven, fold it in half (cut it lightly across the center first), gently press the halves together, and serve.

You may want it just this way with bacon or sausage, but if you really want to dress it up, try some of these variations.

CHEESE OMELET

There are three different types of cheese omelets. The simplest is to sprinkle 2 tablespoons of finely grated cheese over the omelet just before you fold it. Another way is to add 1 or 2 tablespoons of grated cheese to the egg yolks just before adding the hot water. Then proceed according to the instructions for a plain omelet.

The third way isn't really a cheese omelet—it's more of a cheese *and* omelet dish. Fry 1 small onion, diced, and ¼ cup diced cooked potato in hot fat until nicely brown. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of grated cheese and cover to keep warm while you make a plain omelet. When the omelet is served, arrange spoonfuls of cheese-potatoes around it.

HAM OR FISH OMELET

Sprinkle 1½ cups of hot flaked fish or 1½ cups of ground cooked ham over omelet before folding. Arrange spoonfuls of the filling around the folded omelet on the platter.

Want to know how to dazzle your family and friends with other eggciting dishes? For ways to prepare yummy eggs, surprise supper dishes, deliciously different school sandwiches, send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope for Junior Housekeeping Leaflet No. 9, to CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

CHICKEN OMELET

Here's a wonderful way to use that little bit of leftover chicken. You will need 1 cup of diced chicken meat. Prepare creamed chicken—remember the recipe you learned last month? After you have slipped your omelet onto a hot platter, arrange the creamed chicken in spoonfuls around it.

Incidentally, you can cream leftover ham or fish, too, and serve them the same way.

STRAWBERRY OMELET

Just before you fold your omelet, sprinkle it with 3 tablespoons powdered sugar. Garnish the folded omelet with 1 cup fresh strawberries. However, if the strawberries are not *very* ripe and sweet, it's best to sprinkle them with granulated sugar and place them in the icebox for about 15 minutes before serving time. You might like to crush some of the berries and sprinkle them over the omelet before folding it.

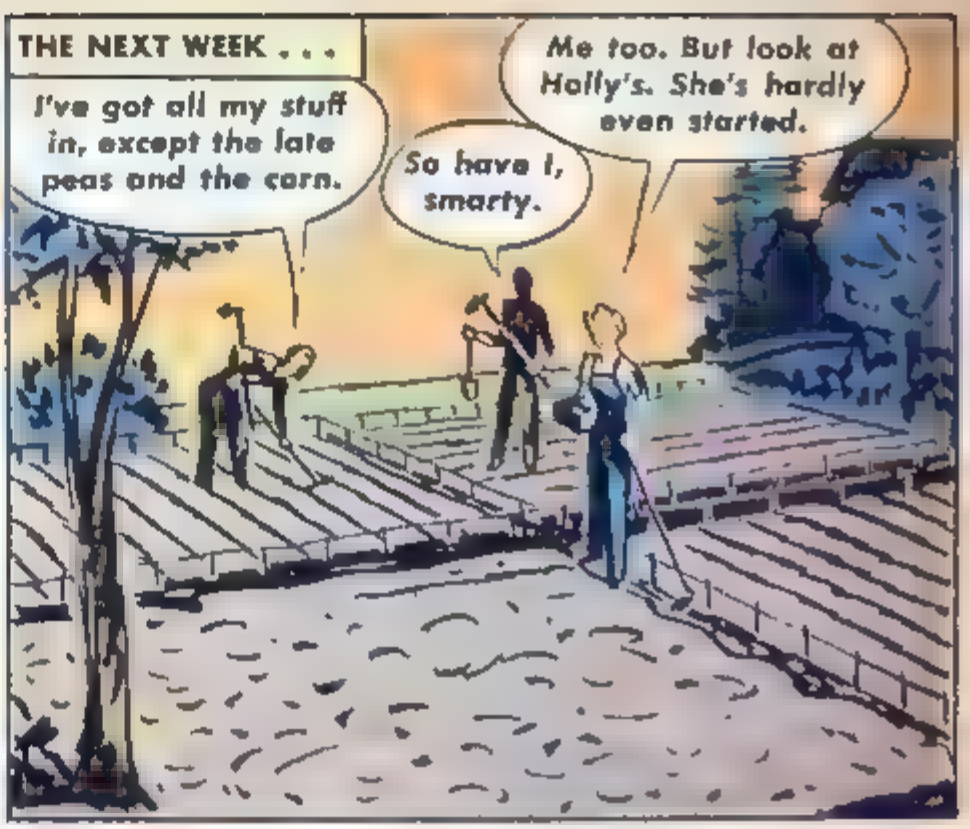
POPCORN OMELET

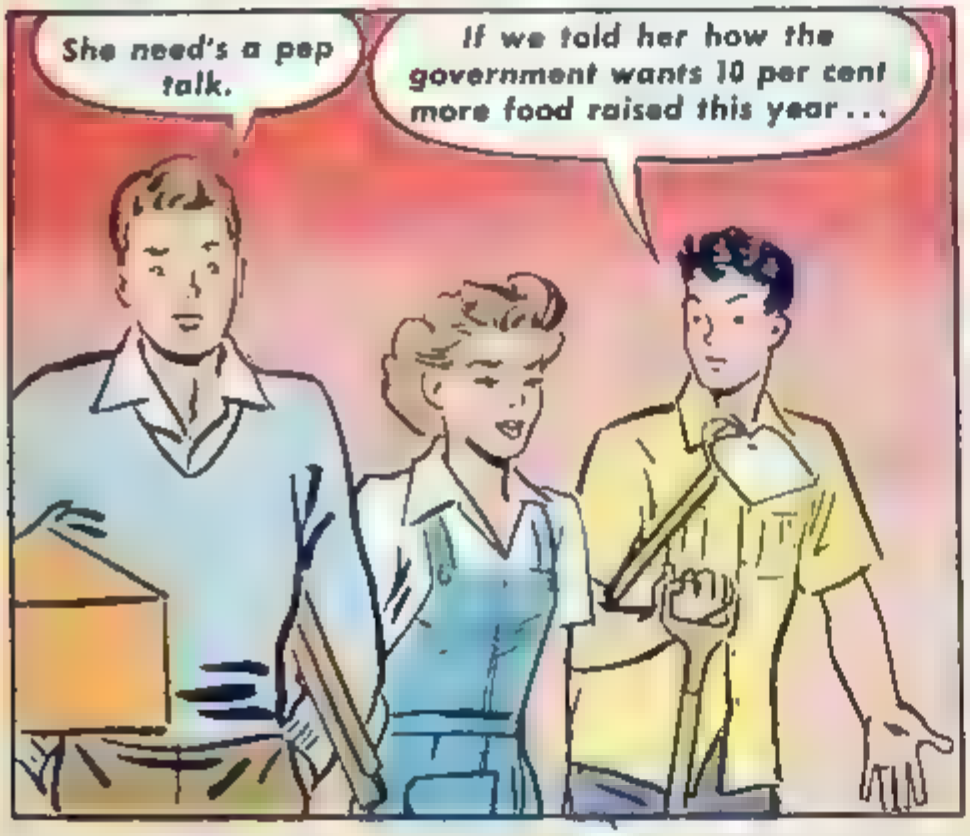
The whole family will want to join in the fixing of this luncheon or supper omelet. While you're making the omelet, have them pop some popcorn. Before you fold the omelet, sprinkle ½ cup crushed popcorn over it. Then garnish the folded-whole with 1 cup of buttered, whole popcorn.

The VICTORY CLUB

GARDEN SHOW

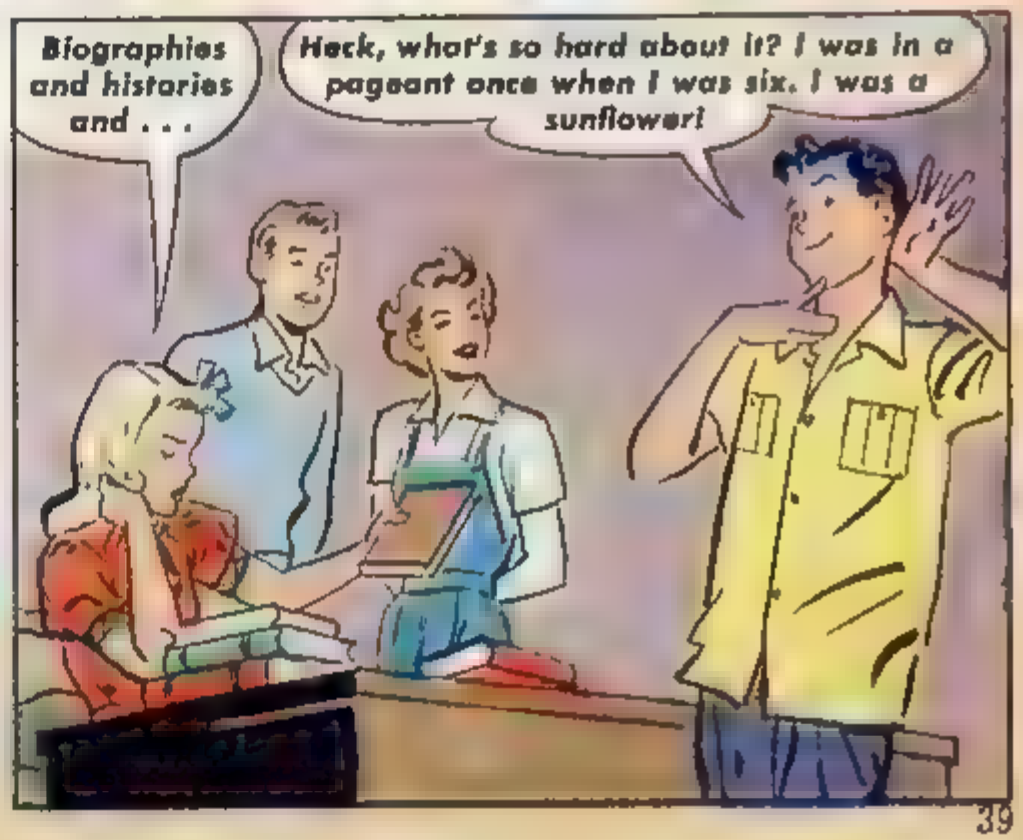
Honestly, ever since I was made chairman of the Victory pageant, I've been practically crazy. If I could only think of a theme for it.

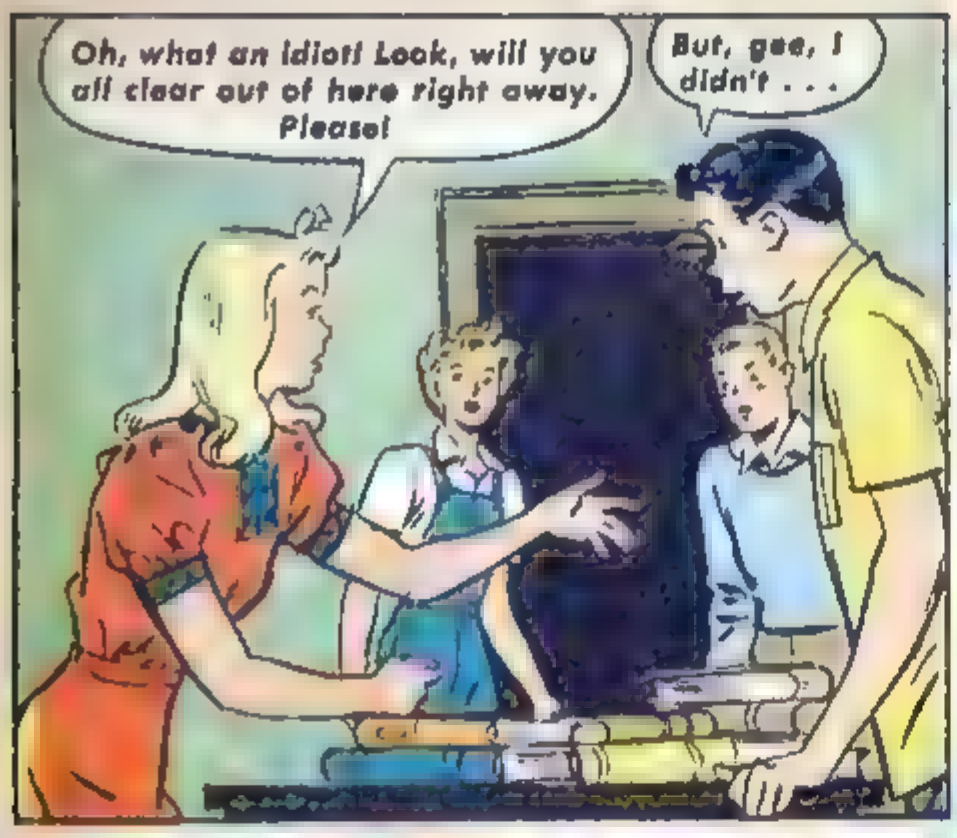

THE NEXT WEEK . . .
I've got all my stuff in, except the late peas and the corn.
So have I, smarty.
Me too. But look at Holly's. She's hardly even started.


She need's a pep talk.
If we told her how the government wants 10 per cent more food raised this year . . .

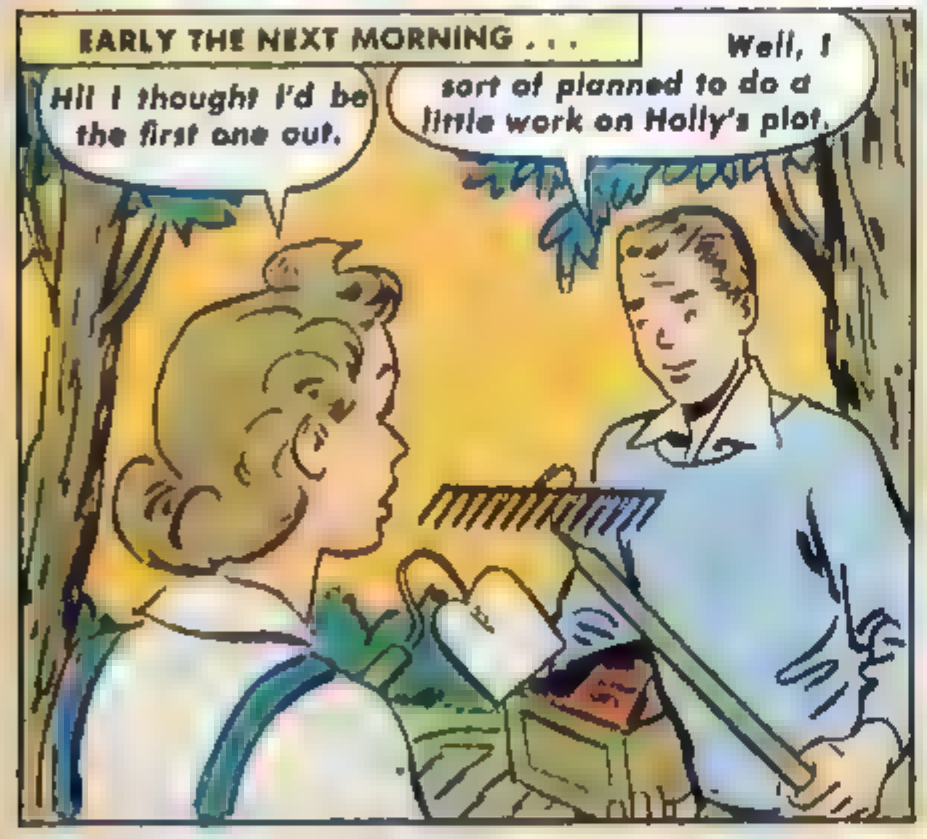
After all, Holly, it sets a bad example for the younger kids. They've all been working hard but when they look at your garden . . .

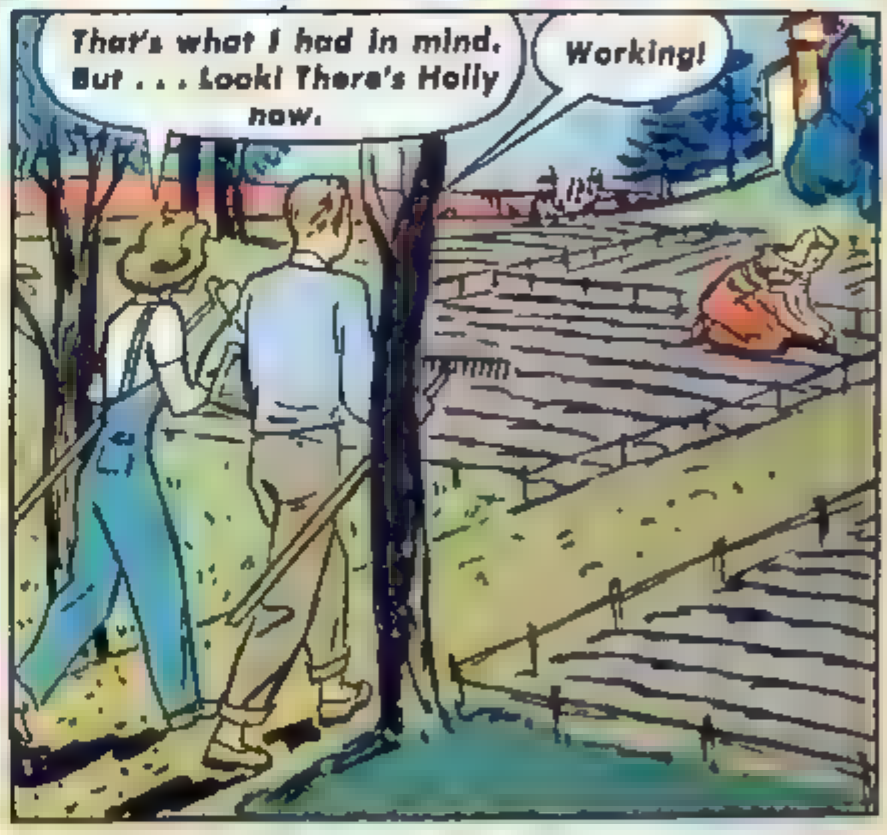
Oh, leave me alone. I feel awful enough. I still haven't an idea for that pageant and I've read about a hundred books . . .


Biographies and histories and . . .
Heck, what's so hard about it? I was in a pageant once when I was six. I was a sunflower!

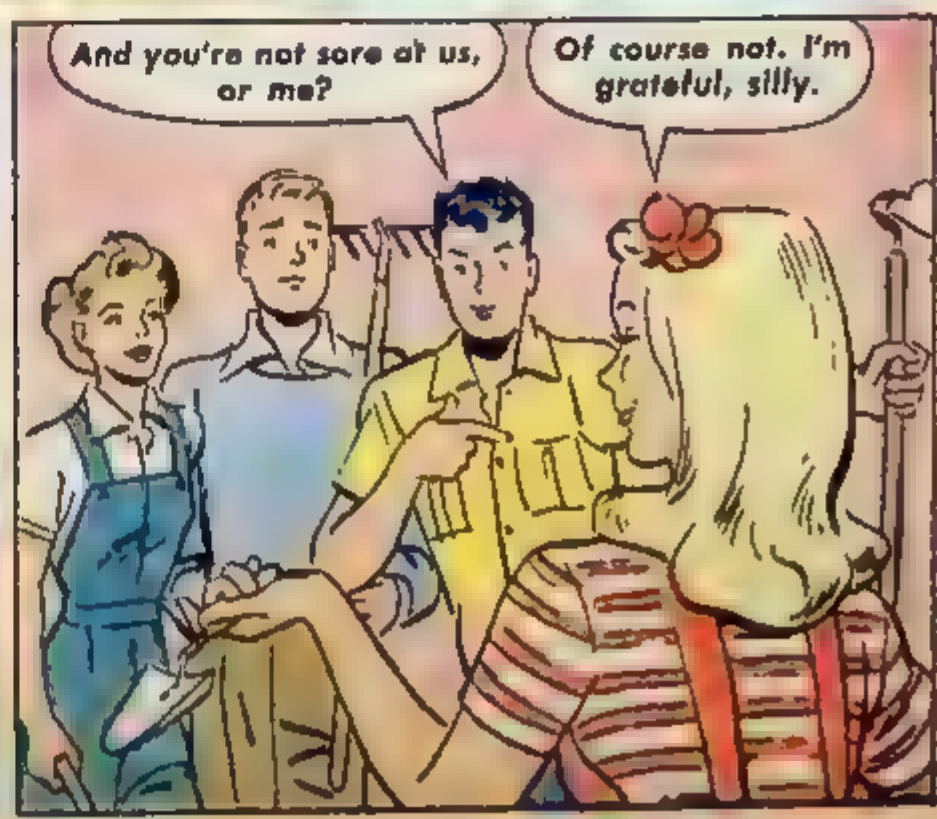

Oh, what an idiot! Look, will you all clear out of here right away. Please!
But, gee, I didn't . . .

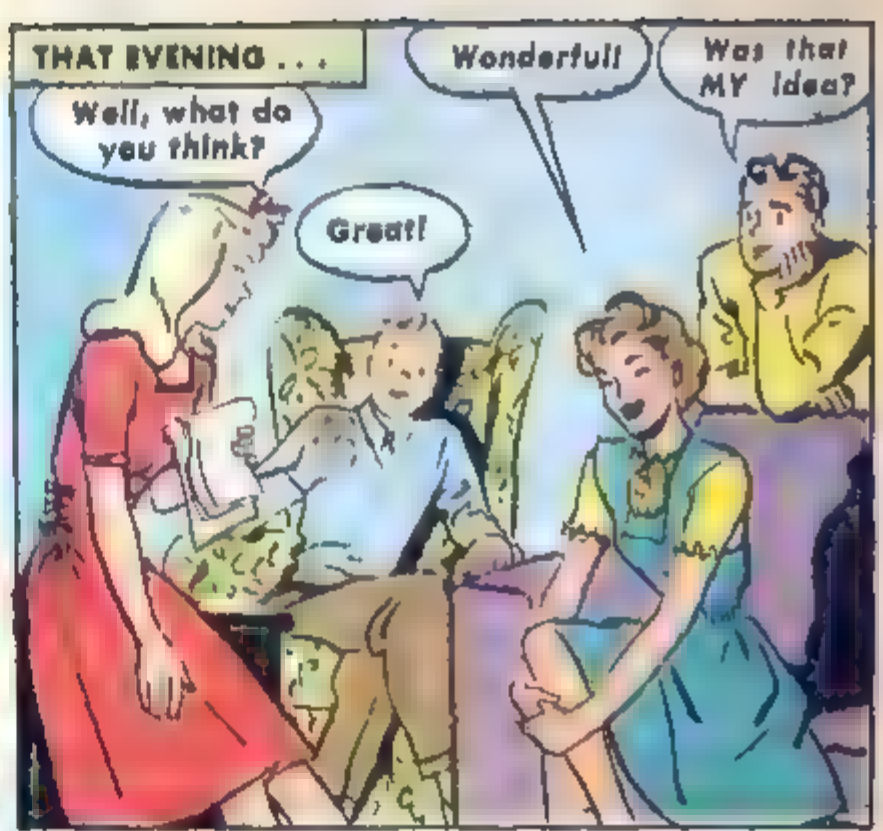
Boy, I guess we made her mad, all right.
She should know we didn't mean anything. It was for her own good.

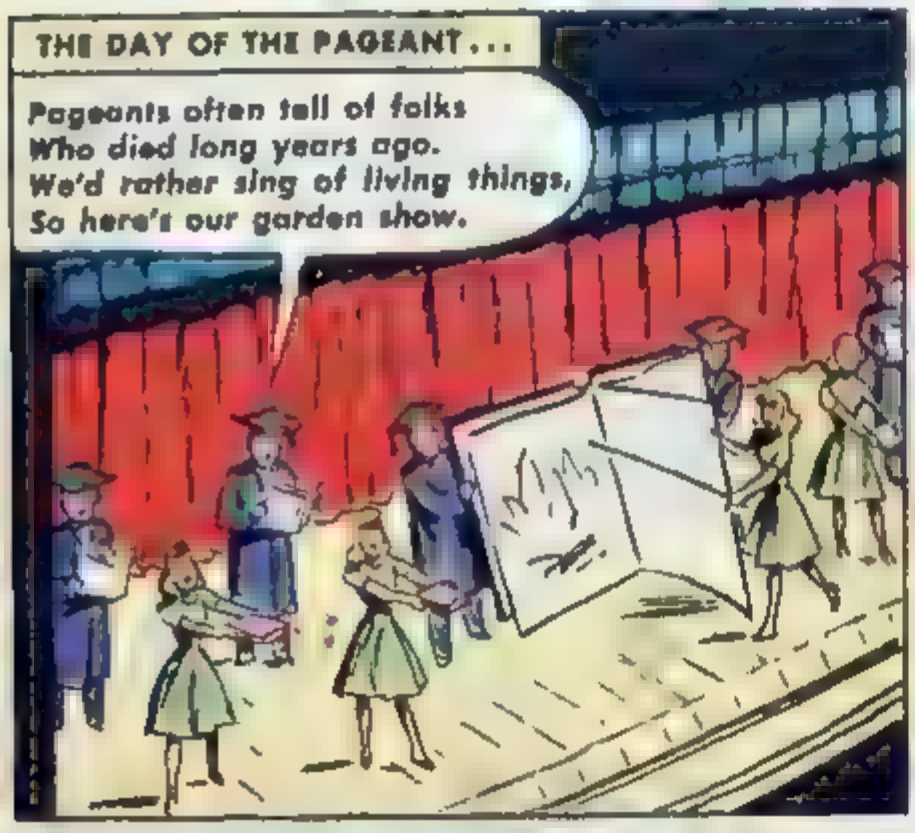

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING . . .
Hi! I thought I'd be the first one out.
Well, I sort of planned to do a little work on Holly's plot.


That's what I had in mind. But . . . Look! There's Holly now.
Working!

I've been here since five, you lazies. And I've everything planted and the first act of a swell pageant worked out.


And you're not sore at us, or me?
Of course not. I'm grateful, silly.





The Victory Club carries on in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

The whole soda shop gang is making things — mending things to help Uncle Sam, and themselves, too. And it's just mur-der what you can do with Press-On Mending Tape and a hot iron. Make pretty appliques and initials, hide patches, mend tears, repair book bindings, bind clipped pages, etc., etc.

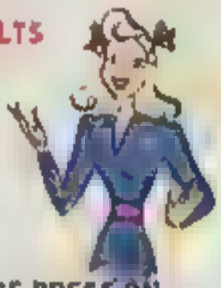
GET YOUR "SUGAR RATION"

Look at this! A plain dress before—but now it really sparkles with a few nifty appliques you cut out of Press On Mending Tape in color and just press on with your hot iron!

FRAME PICTURES FOR A FEW CENTS

Put your pin-up man in a frame you make yourself. It's as easy as pie! Turn to page 62 of the Press-On "Wonderbook". (See super offer below)

STIFFEN HAIR BOWS, BELTS



No wilted bows for you! Stiffen them with Press-On! Apply to back of ribbon and press on. Use it also for backing ribbon belts in colors to go with everything.

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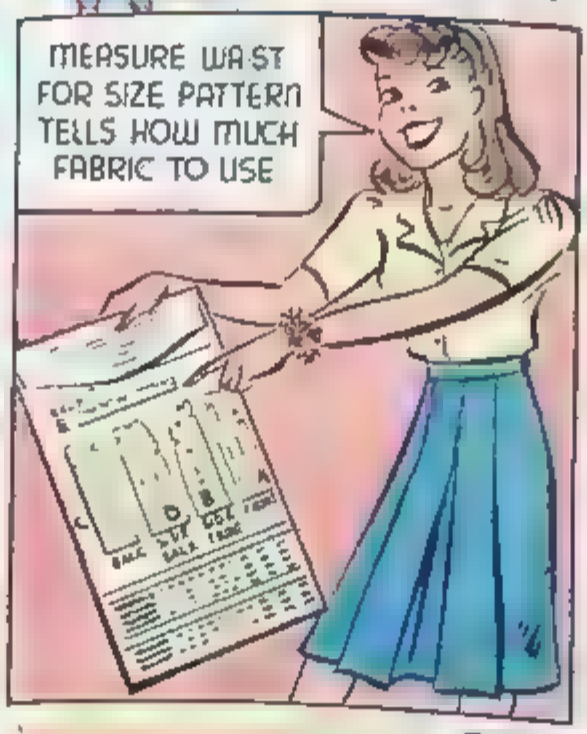
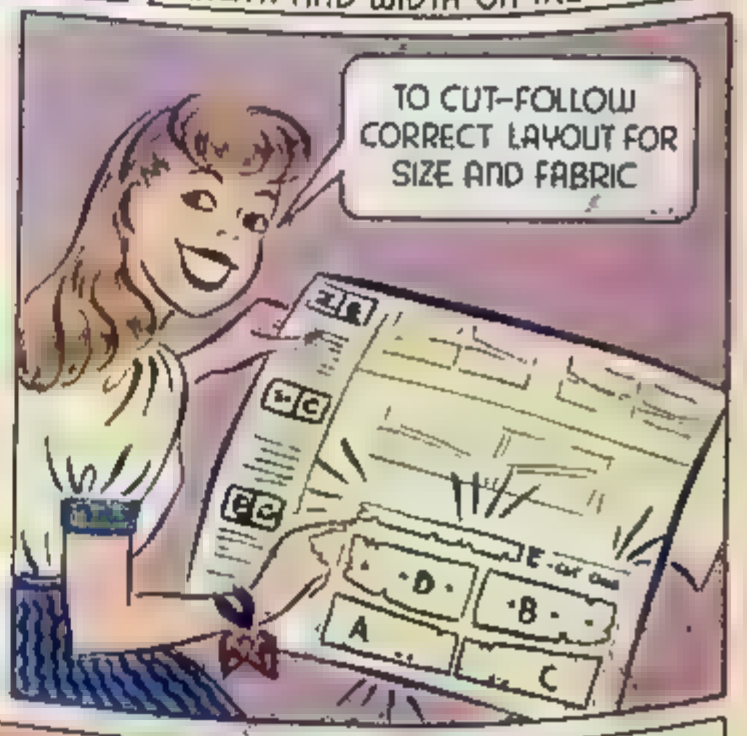
CHAPTER VIII

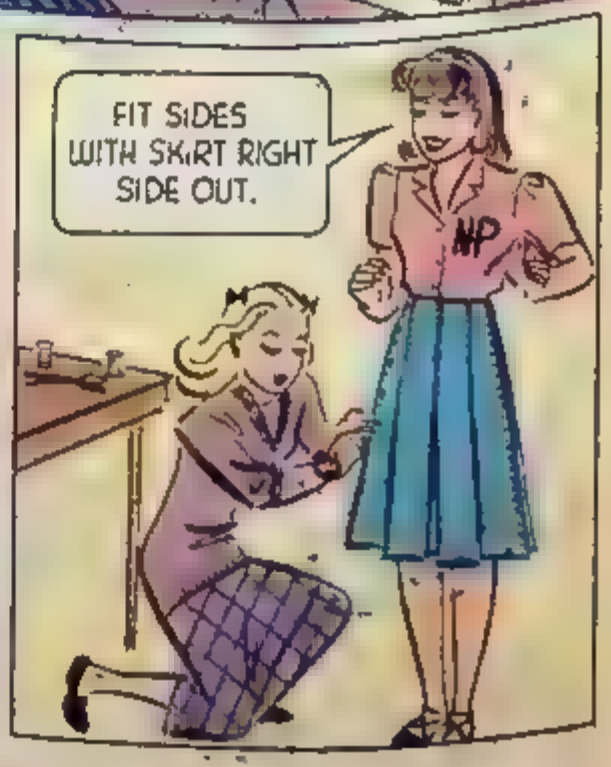
HOW TO FOLLOW A SKIRT PATTERN



In Chapter VI we showed you how to make a dirndl skirt without a pattern. Now that you know how to use patterns (how did that dickey in Chapter VII turn out, anyway?), you're ready for a real tailor-made skirt, precisely pleated and neatly stitched like a true professional job.

For Sewing Leaflet No. 8, send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope to It's Fun to Sew 8, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 82 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.





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Sew your own PLAYSUITS

SUNSUITS with matching button-front skirts are tops for summer fun in the sun. Here are two versions that any nimble-thimble can make for herself—one a three-piece job with open midriff that ties just the way you tie your blouses and the other a cover-up style with that new U-shaped neckline we keep talking about. The border-print cotton is wonderfully effective. Wear them with the non-rationed play shoes sketched below.

Midriff suit—Advance Pattern No. 3483. Adjust top with front tie. Make it of Dumari Everglaze chintz. U-neckline suit—Advance Pattern No. 3439. Make it of Ameritex bordered bowknot print cotton. Use border for shoulder ruffles. Coroteen bracelets for gay color accents.

Advance Pattern No. 3483. Sizes 9-17. Price 25c. Advance Pattern No. 3439. Sizes 12-20. Cost 25c. Obtain from local dealer or by sending cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. State pattern number and right size when ordering

NO RATION STAMPS NEEDED FOR: 1—Processed fabric sole, Red Goose. 2—Sylon sole, Freedoms by Sandler. 3—Flexible wood sole on cotton print, by Arad. 4—Plastolin sole by Brown Shoe Co. 5—Rope sole by Ropeez. Send 3c stamp for where-to-buy information about non-rationed play shoes. Be sure to state which styles interest you.

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BRINGS OUT
HIDDEN HIGHLIGHTS

Start now to use famous *Fitch Shampoo* and you'll discover the beautiful sheen and sparkle of truly clean hair. Fitch Shampoo cleanses each tiny opening on the scalp, and each hair shaft, making the hair immaculately clean, soft and easy to manage. Your hair has a natural luster, a natural beauty, don't let dirt, dandruff or soap film hide it.

It's easy to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. All you do is apply it directly from the bottle, massaging onto the hair and scalp *before* water is added. It actually penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings, dissolving dandruff, loosening dirt and dust. When either hard or soft water is added, a rich lather forms, the swirling bubbles quickly carrying away the dirt and dandruff. Fitch is *completely soluble* in water . . . needs no special after-rinse and cannot mar the hair luster by leaving a dull film. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly to uncover exciting, natural hair beauty. It's good for all colors and textures of hair, so tell the other members of your family to use it too.

Keep Scalp Free From Dandruff

Fitch Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff the very *first* time you use it. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Try Fitch!

Tune in the Fitch Bandwagon every Sunday night at 7:30 EWT, over NBC and hear popular "Big Name" Bands and Guest Stars from Stage, Screen and Radio

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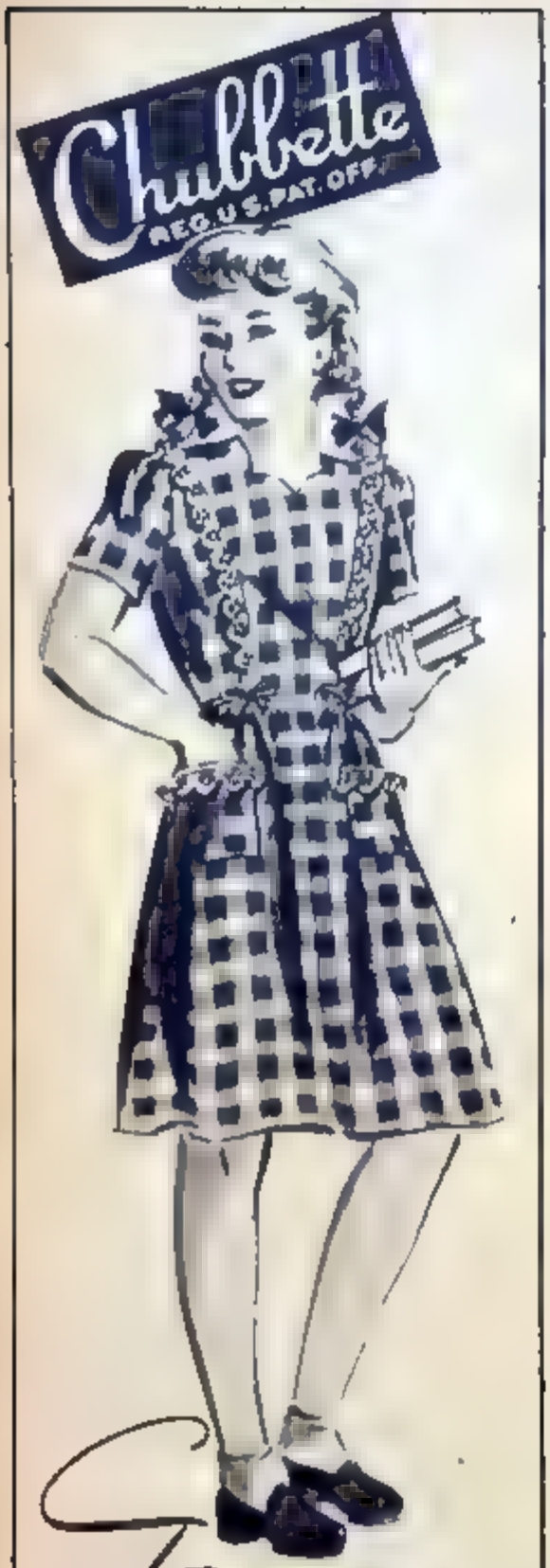

Figuratively Speaking

If you're a Chubby — (and oodles of girls are), you'll count on a CHUBBETTE dress for style and slim looks.

You'll find a super summer assortment of CHUBBETTE dresses, jumpers and playclothes in that popular CHUBBETTE department in your favorite store. CHUBBETTES are designed and specially cut to do wonders for your figure.

Dress as shown — Teen Age Chubbette made of Riverside Star Spun Gingham About $8

L. GIDDING & CO.
326 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everybody's jivin'

It's time to change to cottons. Our teen-age models, with Fred Le Quorne, above, famous dancing teacher, invite you to jive at the Cotton Jamboree in the teen department of your favorite store. From left to right, Gwen Currier, Norma Clerc, Dolores Conlon, Judy Hall, and Carol Wanderman

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

FROM coast to coast girls will be wearing these cotton fashions, and from coast to coast they will be dancing these jive steps, posed by Fred Le Quorne, New York dance instructor. "Dance trends," he says, "are as national as fashion trends. All jitterbug dancing is based on the eight basic steps on this and the next two pages, although in each community they may be embellished with individual variations."

It is just this flexibility of expression that will keep jitterbug dancing in vogue for many years, Mr. Le Quorne thinks. Girls and boys like to create their own variations, once they master the basic steps. "Jitterbug," says this famous New York teacher, "is modern folk dancing."

You modern rug-cutters will enjoy jiving in these cotton fashions this summer. Send stamped, addressed envelope for where-to-buy information to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state which styles you are interested in.

JOCKEY—Gwen Currier, our cover girl, jives in the ruffled June Bentley dress of Riverside-Dan River gingham that she wears in red and white on the frontcover. Sizes 9 to 15, about $8.

When writing to advertisers please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

at the Cotton Jamboree!

STORK—Cover girl Gwen again, this time in a Betty Barclay of printed piqué with the new U-shaped neckline that everybody's swooning over. You can crochet a Dutch cap like hers. Gwen's dress sizes 9 to 15, about $6.

THROW BACK—Your beloved jacket dress, styled by Linda Lee in striped seersucker. Brown and white is particularly smart. There's also a slick sailor collar in back, outlined with the rick-rack. Sizes 10 to 16, about $8.

JIG-WALK—Dolores learns the Jig-Walk from Mr. Le Quorne himself. She wears a Juniorette one-piece dress that looks like a jacket and separate skirt. It combines white piqué and seersucker skirt. Sizes 10 to 16, about $8.

HEART-THROB STUFF!

"Princess Pinafore"

Bedeck yourself in this charming, disarming, completely feminine pinafore and watch that gleam in his eye turn approval! Full, flaring skirt—tightly fitting waistband to give you the slenderest waist ever! Vivaciously trimmed with new, different scroll embroidery in white wool. Lovely "Harvard Square" Gabardine, by Reliable. Sizes 10 to 16 $5.98, plus postage.

BLOUSE—Flattering high neck—angelic bow! Long, full sleeves! Heavy white rayon crepe. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage.

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6405 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood (28), California

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Please send Pinafore, at $5.98, plus postage.

Cherry Red ☐ Navy ☐ Green ☐ Tan ☐ Brown ☐ Pilot Blue ☐
(Please print 1st and 2nd choice)

Size: 10 12 14 16 (Please circle size wanted in pinafore and blouse)

Blouse, at $3.98, plus postage. Size: 32 34 36 38
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slip into your

SUPER STREAMLINER SLACKS

$7.95
In smooth flannel (60% wool)

About
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In slick 100% wool flannel

COLORS
Navy, brown, blue gray or red

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No bulging waistlines, baggy backs . . . You'll find your size in "Prince of Slacks."

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More Buttons to Give In

Left, LONDON BRIDGE—Eyelet embroidery makes neckline and hipline yoke on an Everfast striped cotton print by Sandra Lee. Judy Hall tops it off with a flower-trimmed Band Leader on her smooth red-gold hair which she now wears in bangs. Sizes 10 to 16, about $6

Below, WIZARD—Rainbow-striped cotton coat dress, Junior First, with low ruffled neckline. Sub-junior sizes 7 to 15, about $8. You can crochet a baby cap just like the one that Judy's wearing.

Left, PENDULUM—In the romantic mood, a Teentimer OHriginal of flowered seersucker with Irish lace-edged collar and skirt flounce, about $8. Isn't Carol lucky to have brown and white "specs" saved over from last year?

Left, THROW OUT—We don't mean the dress, which is a Petiteen pinafore of Marvlo glazed chintz, sized for you small gals who are not big enough for regular teens but are too grown-up for baby styles Petiteen sizes 10 to 14A, about $6.

Easy-to-follow instruction sheets for the crocheted baby cap and Dutch cap are free on request. Send stamped, addressed, legal-sized envelope to C. J., Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

HAVE YOU CANTITIS?

(*Continued from page 18*)

puppet show — free — for the classes of playground instructors he was training.

An account of the puppet show, with pictures, got into the newspapers, and Barbara was given a part-time summer job teaching the playground children the things she'd learned about puppets. She was under the required age, but she knew more about puppets than anyone in town. She was paid fifteen dollars a week for her summer's work—not bad for fifteen years old, which she was by then.

Of course, you need not undertake a project as ambitious as Barbara's for your first struggle with cantitis. In fact, it's far better to start with something that a number of your friends can do well, but which you think you can't do. That way, you have a good chance of success, and a little success is the best medicine in the world for a case of cantitis.

Take cooking, for instance. Are you one of those people who stand by in helpless admiration while somebody else whips up a plate of fudge? Well, quit saying, "I can't," and get into that apron! Just a few hints in advance, though.

First, start with something simple, and gradually work up to the more complicated recipes —that's the way the person you admire did. Second, don't decide you're hopeless (and don't take your family's kidding too seriously) if the first thing you try doesn't come out perfectly. Third, do it on your own if that's at all possible. You can learn a lot by watching someone who is more skillful than you are, but it is discouraging to have somebody too good around while you make those first awkward movements yourself.

I used to think I couldn't cook. That was because my mother was an extra good cook, and I seemed terrible by comparison when she was in the kitchen with me. But I was thrown on my own when she

because half the fun is what you *Wear*

outdoor duds by *Derby*

Play where you will under the sun . . . roof-top or real honest-to-goodness earth—but play the part in these cut-for-action, suds-loving SANFORIZED togs. RIGHT: Sawed-off little overalls with button-on straps, in Sunny Blue, under $3.50. LEFT: Blue 'n' White striped denim, tailored to a "T" . . . Culottes, under $3.50. Shirt, under $2.50. Sizes 10 to 16.

For the store nearest you, write

DERBY SPORTSWEAR, Inc. • 1333 Broadway • New York 18, N.Y.

Attention slick chicks! Sally Mason, a young designer who's plenty hep creates blouses 'specially for you. She just loves dreaming up smoothies to make every skirt and suit into a fascinatin' outfit. Next time you're barging around for blouses ask to see, "something super by Sally Mason."

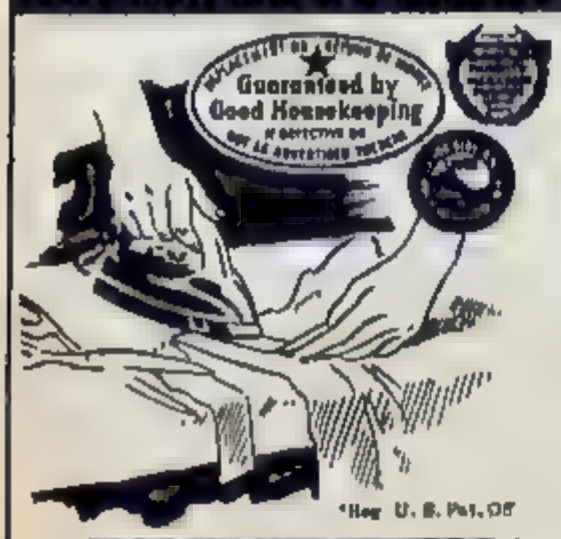
Illustrated . . . The "Jamboree" in white cotton. Teen, Junior and Girl sizes . . . around $3.

FOR NAME OF SHOP IN YOUR CITY, WRITE

MASON BLOUSE & SPORTSWEAR CO
498 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Also makers of the famous
SALLY MASON PLAYSUITS & PINAFORES

JUST IRON AND IT'S MENDED!



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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POSLAM

broke her arm when I was twelve, and I surprised everybody, including myself, by turning out a perfectly acceptable company meal. Now, I'm not suggesting that you wait for your mother to break her arm, but you might ask her to allow you to make your kitchen experiments on the day she's going to her first-aid class or to town shopping or when she's too tired to cook.

Another thing that a lot of people think they can't do is sew. You'll find plenty of grown women, in this day of ready-made clothes, who are quite certain that they can't shorten a skirt. Now, anybody with normal eyesight, ten fingers, and enough intelligence to get sixty in arithmetic can learn to sew. The only thing that stands in the way is cantitis.

Don't let it stand in your way. The ability to make a needed alteration, to turn some forty-five-cents-a-yard material into a smart playsuit, can do more to keep you well dressed all your life than an unlimited allowance. But again, don't scare yourself into a case of cantitis by starting out with something too hard. Naturally, you're afraid to cut into a piece of expensive velvet—any beginner would be. Get an inexpensive pattern (let somebody who already knows how to sew pick out an easy one for you) and cut it from inexpensive material or even those faded curtains your mother was going to throw away. Don't be ashamed to do it—even highly paid dress designers often make their first models from muslin. When you get the hang of it, you can cut into more expensive dress material without a quiver.

Of course, there are some things that we might like to do that we really can't do. None of us is likely to become the first woman president of the United States, or earn a million dollars in two years, or take a trip around the world before this war is over. Recognizing those facts isn't cantitis—it's just common sense. The best

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thing to do is not to waste time dreaming about such impossibilities, but instead to tackle something that you really can do if you just get over thinking you can't

Or, you can deal with those high-and-mighty dreams in another fashion. You can work up fine substitutes for them when necessary. My friend, Josephine, for instance, has a deep yearning to travel, and her family just can't afford it. So she's worked up a correspondence with girls all over the world—one in England, one in Hawaii, one in Alaska, and one in Panama. She knows more about those places than she'd ever learn from a geography book, and knows exactly what she wants to see if she ever does get to go there—and I'm betting that she will.

Then, there's Dolores. She wants to go to journalism school, but she's one of a large family and knows there will not be tuition for college. She started sending the editor of her local paper news of her Camp Fire group. After a few pieces had been published, she got up her nerve to visit the paper and introduce herself. The woman's page editor told her that the other groups in town sent in little news—so now Dolores goes around to all of them, and runs a weekly column of Camp Fire news, for which the paper pays her two dollars a week. She no longer envies the girls who will have a chance to go to journalism school, for she's a columnist already, and she's still going to high school!

Last summer Mary wanted a war job but there was no plant in her town that hired girls her age. So she talked to her gang and organized a service to do odd jobs, run errands, stay with small children, relieving their mothers for war activities.

These girls all had one thing in common—they wouldn't let cantitis stop them. I've mentioned only their successes. They had their failures, too. But they kept one thing in mind—nobody ever succeeded in doing anything if she said, "I can't," before she started!

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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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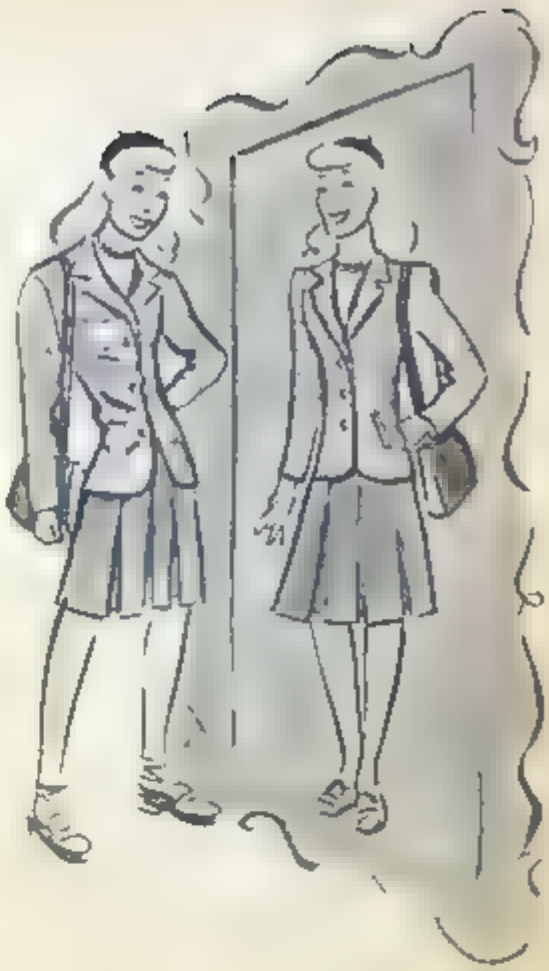
Please send me free fashion folder G2

My Name. ...

My Address.

READ THE TRUTH in your mirror. Suits suffer terrifically when they're draped on hunched-over shoulders, skirts pulled up, lapels askew. Figure faults can't be concealed by poor posture — they *can* be minimized by good carriage. "Shoulders straight" is the rule for tailored clothes or, for that matter, for *any* clothes, when you want to look your best. And when don't you?



MODEL *Your Clothes*

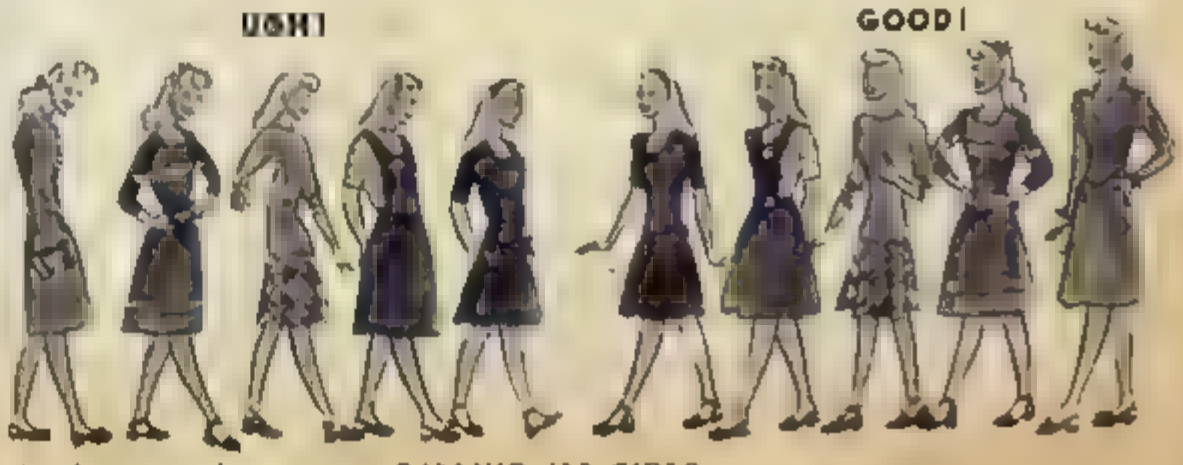
How would you look in a fashion show? Even the smartest, newest outfit is only as smooth as its wearer

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

PROFESSIONAL models pay special attention to the manner in which they stand and walk, just as they give scrupulous care to their skin and hair. They'd no more think of drooping than they'd think of going to bed without removing the day's make-up. Here are some of the posture tricks models use to make the most of their figures as well as their clothes.

• Little girl? Stand tall! Keep your tummy flat, back straight, head up, and acquire a smooth, graceful walk. Be a little queen—bouncing is babyish!

• Big girl? Stand proudly! If you look as if you thought being tall the grandest thing in the world, others will think so, too. Lots of the most famous models are inches above the average height,



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but they carry their shoulders erect, chests up. Slouching makes big girls look awkward.

• Chubby girl? S-t-r-e-t-c-h! Pull up that spine, don't go all in a heap like a jelly! Stretching upward will help whittle down the waistline and keep the tummy flat.

• Thin girl? Chin up for you, too. Droopy posture makes slim Janes look like wilted flower stems. Holding shoulders easily up and back encourages curves to appear where they ought to be!

• Any girl—practice the easy, upright carriage that makes all your clothes fit as the maker dreamed they would, and look even better than you hope they do.

ARE YOU a dream girl in that potent date dress—or do you only think so? It may be a dee-vine color, and right up to the minute in style, but you can ruin the whole effect by the way you wear it. Tummy and bustle stuck out like a baby's, feet spread apart, shoulders drooping—honestly, now, could *any* dress look its best on you? If you want to show off your costume to real advantage strive for that poised, graceful look the models have.

Going into spring training for better standing? Join the smooth gals who do simple posture exercises, including a five-second wonder-worker as described in our new leaflet, "All Members in Good Standing." Send a 3c stamp with your name and address to Good Looks Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

IF YOUR MOTHER HEMS AND HAWS

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HERE'S the easy way to spare yourself—*and your mother!* To end all confusion and embarrassment about what to do and not to do on these certain days of the month.

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As modern as tomorrow, this booklet discusses such subjects as: Bathing, Dancing, Swimming, Sports, Good Grooming, Social Contacts, etc. With a special section on what's okay and what's ixnay on these special days.

So don't wait . . . be the first girl in your gang to read this interesting, helpful booklet. It's a gift to you from the makers of Kotex* sanitary napkins. Mail the coupon now—before you forget.

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TRICKS for TEENS

Be a Bureau Aristocrat—To make your dressing table look fit for a queen, make a cosmetics box out of an old cigar box. Cover it, inside and out, with wallpaper, crepe paper, or cotton print. Paste a mirror to the inside of the lid. You can build needed partitions in the box of cardboard or wood —*Dorothy McClay, Sandy Lake, Pa.* A covered egg box makes a good jewelry box. It's already partitioned!—*Virginia Robertson, Framingham, Mass.* If the back of your hairbrush is peeling or scratched, cover it to match the rest of your bureau-top accessories or your dressing-table ruffle.—*Zola Mae Lyerly, Tucson,*

Put It in Writing—Expensive monogrammed stationery? No, just monogram yours with initials carved backwards on a cork (test it in the mirror). Dip the carved end of cork in your favorite ink, and stamp out your personal letterhead. It's corking!—*Joyce LeFors, Deer Park, Wash.* Decorate your letters with typewriter pictures or a made-to-order border with stars, dots, and dashes on the family typewriter.—*Natalie Rosen, Buffalo, N. Y.* Put that old notebook to use as a stationery holder. Lay the notebook flat and remove the metal rings. Then make pockets of colorful sturdy cotton or of cardboard the size of your letter paper and envelopes and stamps, and paste them in place on each side. The ditch in the middle holds your pencils and pens ready for instant use.—*Sarah Jane Swanzy, Whiteriver, Ariz.*

$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We have a new title for our gadgets. And so we want new, and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Lip Tricks—Lipstick broken right off at the base? Glue it back with colorless nail polish.—*Margaret Liggett, Chattanooga, Tenn.* To keep your lipstick on your lips and off your clothes, grip a piece of tissue between your lips when you slip sweater or dress over your head.—*Dolores Argenta, Wellsburg, W. Va.*

Smart Schooling—Cut a wooden ruler into one-inch pieces and string together on bright yarn for a belt that is strictly made to measure.—*Marie Hoy, Minneapolis, Minn.* Use a strip of plain material embroidered with your school's name to piece out that shrunken sweater right down the center front and back.—*Toni Wingfelder, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.* Three cheers through a paper milk container, bottom cut out, covered with crepe paper in your school colors, does wonders to help your team win.—*Mary Lou Latty, Pittsburg, Kans.* Keep track of your pencils by sticking them in empty spools of thread—painted your school colors, of course. Stand them at attention on your desk.—*Dorothy Sczesny, Fostoria, Ohio.*

Change Your Purse—Make a safety change purse from a safety matchbox. Punch holes in the sandpaper side of the matchbox, and thread a ribbon through the holes. Tie a perky bow, and pin to your lapel with a safety pin. The little drawer will hold your change. Paint the box with nail polish or decorate with a picture of your O.A.O.—*Mary Ann Phillips, Abbeville, S. C.* Miniature felt pants with a drawstring top make a super change purse. Sew on patches or pockets for decoration.—*Anne Kimball, Newton, Mass.* Use the crown of a felt hat for a soft pull-up purse. Scallop the edge and tie with ribbon.—*Martha Brenner, Wilton Junction, Iowa.* Smooth up your purse mirrors by covering that scratched back with a snapshot cut to size. Show the made-over mirror to your friends and ask for their votes on which side has the better picture. Pretty two-faced, what?—*Darlene Sayles, Nyssa, Ore.*

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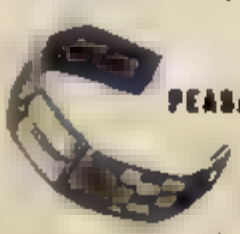

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NEW LEAF For Spring

When you yearn to turn against all rule and regulation,
Take a tip from one who knows: the best way is adaptation

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

HAVE you ever dreamed of doing just exactly what you want to do for one whole blissful day? Of course you have! And if you could get them to admit it, you'd discover that all your friends have had the same suppressed desire. On that golden day you'd hand out back chat to your parents, stick out your tongue at the principal, tell Adele she's a snob and Mary that her hips are bigger than yours—so there! You'd waltz down Main Street, climb the trees in the city park yelling like Tarzan, ride the policeman's horse . . . Oh, you know all the things you want to do violently when you rebel against the endless *little* rules that seem to make your life go around in circles! Because it is the little rules you rebel against the most.

Barging into a group with shouted greetings won't trick anyone into thinking you're a welcome addition.

Well, what holds you back? Timidity? Habit? Could be. But could be, too, that deep down you understand that if everyone let loose, if everyone obeyed that impulse, it would be just as bad as though all the traffic lights decided to be green all day or the world declared a holiday from spinning on its axis. You've figured out for yourself by this time the difference between prison regulations and the rules—even the million little ones—that make living easier and kindlier. So you play the game gracefully without trying to rewrite all the rules. You take out your "revolt" energy on sports, dancing, hobbies, hoeing, homework, and housework. There's your safety valve for letting off steam—the steam of being young in another springtime — without hurting anyone's feelings, or marking yourself as a boor.

But spring is a good time to give yourself as well as your wardrobe a going over, to take stock of where you rate A1 and where you fail. So, without hedging, see how much of this is really you:

Church isn't the place to attract attention by whispering asides. There's supposed to be

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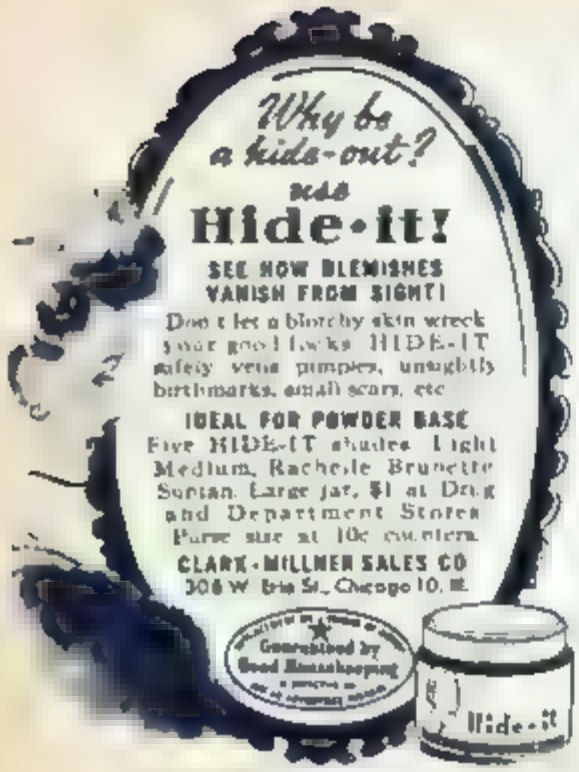

***Even the smallest scrap helps in the* BIG SCRAP!**

EVERY little bit of paper you and you can salvage will help to make Victory containers for medical and food supplies and military equipment for our fighting forces. So elect yourself Paper Salvager in your family and see to it that every bit of paper from wastebasket scrap to bags and boxes and newspapers is saved and bundled. Whether you want to sell it to a paper dealer or donate it to charitable organizations or call your local Salvage Committee to pick it up, make sure it goes to war!

only one attraction in church and that's not you. Giggling in assembly may draw looks your way, but you'll notice the looks aren't very flattering. Turning an afternoon at the movies into a club meeting is robbing yourself and other movie-goers of the price of admission. Walking on the left side of the street may make you feel as though you're asserting your own independence, but others will think you're just advertising the fact that you're either a foreigner or a numbskull, and walking five abreast means cheating a lot of taxpayers of their share of sidewalk. Barging into a group with shouted greetings won't trick anyone into thinking you're a welcome addition; neither will dominating the conversation with your loud voice instead of your personality. Acquiring skill at mimicking others' weak points will influence people, but it won't make you any friends.

You may think you're proving your resourcefulness by snatching a seat in the bus, or your boldness by pushing ahead of your turn at the dime store counter, or your cleverness by copying Betty's homework. But you're only cheating yourself by getting into habits that will turn you into a weak sister who won't even have what it takes to marvel over the first jonquils or the lacy pale green of a willow.

A baby learns first to handle a simple little spoon. You'd think Mother had lost her mind if she started Junior off with a set of silverware complete from oyster fork to dessert spoon. Or what would you say if Therese tried to learn diving by attempting a half gainor off the high board? You'd shout, "Hey, pigeon, first things first!" Give yourself a break, too. Don't try to acquire the "grand" manner before the little manners have become second nature. Because, after all, the grand manner is nothing more than an accumulation of little manners. So welcome sweet springtime with a new leaf!

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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(*Continued from page 18*)

THE friend about whom Ann writes us, whom we shall call Bess, may really be quite hard to get along with; but this may not be due entirely to the fact that she happens to be an only child, for other than only children have also been known to be "spoiled" and "unbearable." The only child may sometimes want to be the center of attention and sort of special, if that is the way she is made to feel at home. But then again, there are only children who in their homes are not treated in this way.

Ann can probably understand that, without realizing it at all, she and the other girls may sometimes feel envious of Bess, who seems to have everything. This reaction is quite normal. It is certainly important, however, to learn how to live, work, and play with those who are different—whether they have more money or less, another religion, skin of a different color, or unlike traits.

It takes all those concerned to create good group relationships. Ann and her pals must therefore not refuse to think about their share of responsibility. They must question whether they are doing—or not doing—all they can to make allowances for others' problems while at the same time they seek to better their own feelings and behavior.

Of course, no one can really "have everything" even though, to the one outside-looking-in, another girl's home, parents, looks, or privileges may seem completely perfect. It is quite possible that Bess is sometimes envious of some of the very things Ann or one of the other girls takes for granted—such as good spirits, school successes, or the companionship of brothers and sisters. Comparisons of this kind do not always help; and the girls would find more contentment in sharing the fine things and trying to understand the less pleasant ones about each other, for that is what we really mean by friendship.

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CHICKEN HEARTED

(*Continued from page 6*)

Mike will make a real poultryman," she told Dad Jenkins after a few weeks of supervising the Watsons. "You should see the chicks—practically cover the old orchard these days. There will be at least two hundred cockerels, I'm sure—enough to pay for the chicks and the ten dollars Mrs. Watson owes Bud."

"Maybe so," Dad Jenkins grunted, "if you can get them past the six-week stage. I hear there's a lot of coccidiosis around."

Ginny did not reply, for she had been thinking the same thought. Next day this thought turned to a paralyzing fear as she pedaled her bike toward Watsons'. A south wind carried to her the sickening smell of burning feathers. Someone was burning chickens! She pedaled feverishly. The chicks had looked healthy yesterday. But the disease could strike overnight, and poultrymen always burned dead birds at once.

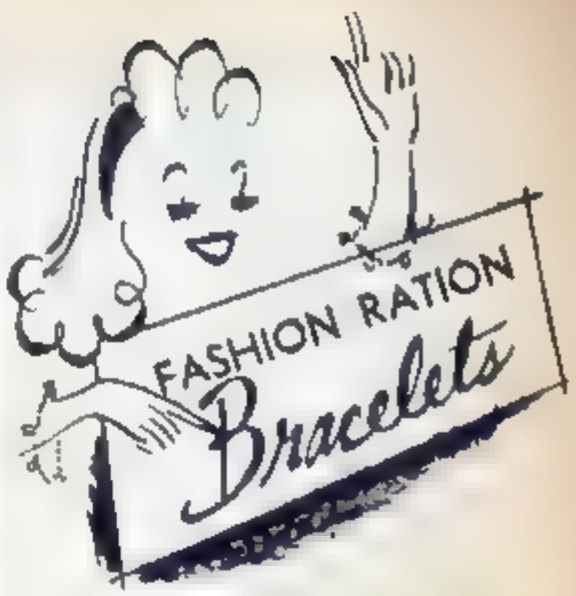
Her chaotic thoughts settled as she rounded the curve to pass Hank Hinkley's house. That's where the trouble was. Hank Hinkley's. She could see men walking from the brooder-house to a burning brush heap. But she dared not stop to help, for she might carry the germs on her shoes to the Watsons'.

Nor did she stop at Hank Hinkley's on the way home. "But I must go back at once," she told Dad Jenkins, "just as soon as I can find an old pair of shoes that can be destroyed, in case it is coccidiosis."

"You'd better stay away from Hank's. He's a dangerous fellow when he gets stirred up," Dad Jenkins warned. "A lot of folks who bought Sunnydale's last hatch are having sick chicks, I hear, so Hank will blame you for his trouble."

"Me!" Ginny echoed, ignoring the warning as she selected a tattered pair of Bud's overalls and his discarded shoes.

She didn't care to drive her bike into contaminated territory, so she parked it in a clump



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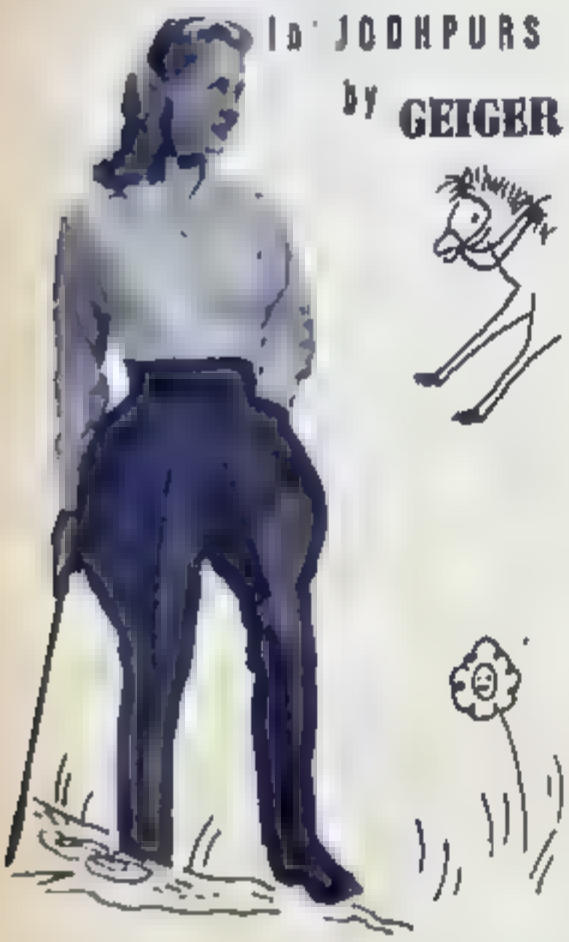

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of elders at the curve in the road. And also parked her courage. After all, Hank Hinkley was mean. Maybe she was foolish to walk headlong into his wrath. She thought of Bud. She was a coward to fear a few cross words. A few cross words was putting it mildly, Ginny realized, when she faced the man.

"Of course I'm in trouble, and you're to blame," he hissed. "Everybody's havin' trouble with Sunnydale's last hatch. If you hadn't been so snippy, I would not be in this mess."

Red flags raced up Ginny's cheeks as her temper flamed, but she managed, "I'm glad to see your chicks have no symptoms of coccidiosis; that might take most of your flock. I'll hurry to the County Agent's office with one of the dead chicks for a diagnosis, but now these droopy chicks should be removed from the flock. I'll help you catch them."

"You get out of here. You've caused me enough trouble," Hank snapped. "Get out."

Ginny hesitated, then stalked away. Mrs. Hinkley waited until her husband had turned toward the barn, then followed.

"Miss," she called in muffled tones, "Miss Jenkins. Just a minute. Don't pay attention to my husband's bark. Please come back and help me."

So an hour later Ginny started to her bike again. "I'll bring the County Agent's report in the morning, Mrs. Hinkley," she promised.

"Could you come at ten when my husband is in the field?"

Ginny nodded and started toward the County Agent's office.

"Some digestive trouble," he diagnosed, "but it shouldn't prove very serious if you can find the cause and correct it. Might be caused by chilling, overheating, or improper feed. Looks as if it might have been a weak chick from the first."

Next morning at ten, and each day for a week, Ginny worked with Mrs. Hinkley at her brooderhouse, following instructions from the County Agent and the pamphlets he had given her. By the end of the week there were fewer droopy chicks and things seemed to be working out nicely. Mrs. Hinkley's plot was working, too, for Ginny didn't see Hank Hinkley again.

In fact, she completely forgot Hank as she became more absorbed in the Watson project. Marketing day for the cockerels was near and Ginny was anxious. If her plans worked, this affair would be cleared and Dad Jenkins might allow her to serve customers again.

At last the big day came. And so did Hank Hinkley. Ginny was grading eggs that evening when she heard his gruff voice in the customer room, heard Dad Jenkins saying, "May I help you?" and the blunt reply, "No, I want to talk to that daughter of yours."

When Ginny came in, Hank Hinkley spoke fast.

"You must know a heap about chicks, miss, from what my wife's been tellin' me, and my brother-in-law would like you to help him, too. He's lost every chick, no pullets for winter layers. Weak chicks, and they caught all the diseases you can name. If you can help him start the chicks, he would like to try again."

"I'll be glad to help him," Ginny nodded.

"Fine! Put him down for an order of one thousand chicks. We sure learned why Sunnydale chicks are cheaper," he ended by way of apology.

As Ginny filled the order, Dad Jenkins put on his hat and coat. "You can close the hatchery tonight, Ginny," he said. "I want to ride to town with Hank."

Ginny breathed deeply. She was serving customers again. That night she wrote a note.

"Dear Bud: Business is fine. I've managed to keep all your old trade and secured one new customer—Sade Watson. Don't worry, I got the money. Now prepare yourself for a shock. In fact, the next sentence should prepare you for anything, even bombs bursting. The ten-dollar bill enclosed is the money Sade Watson has owed you for two years.

"With love, Ginny."

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9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
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12. Does one have to exercise?
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15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
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22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest in your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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